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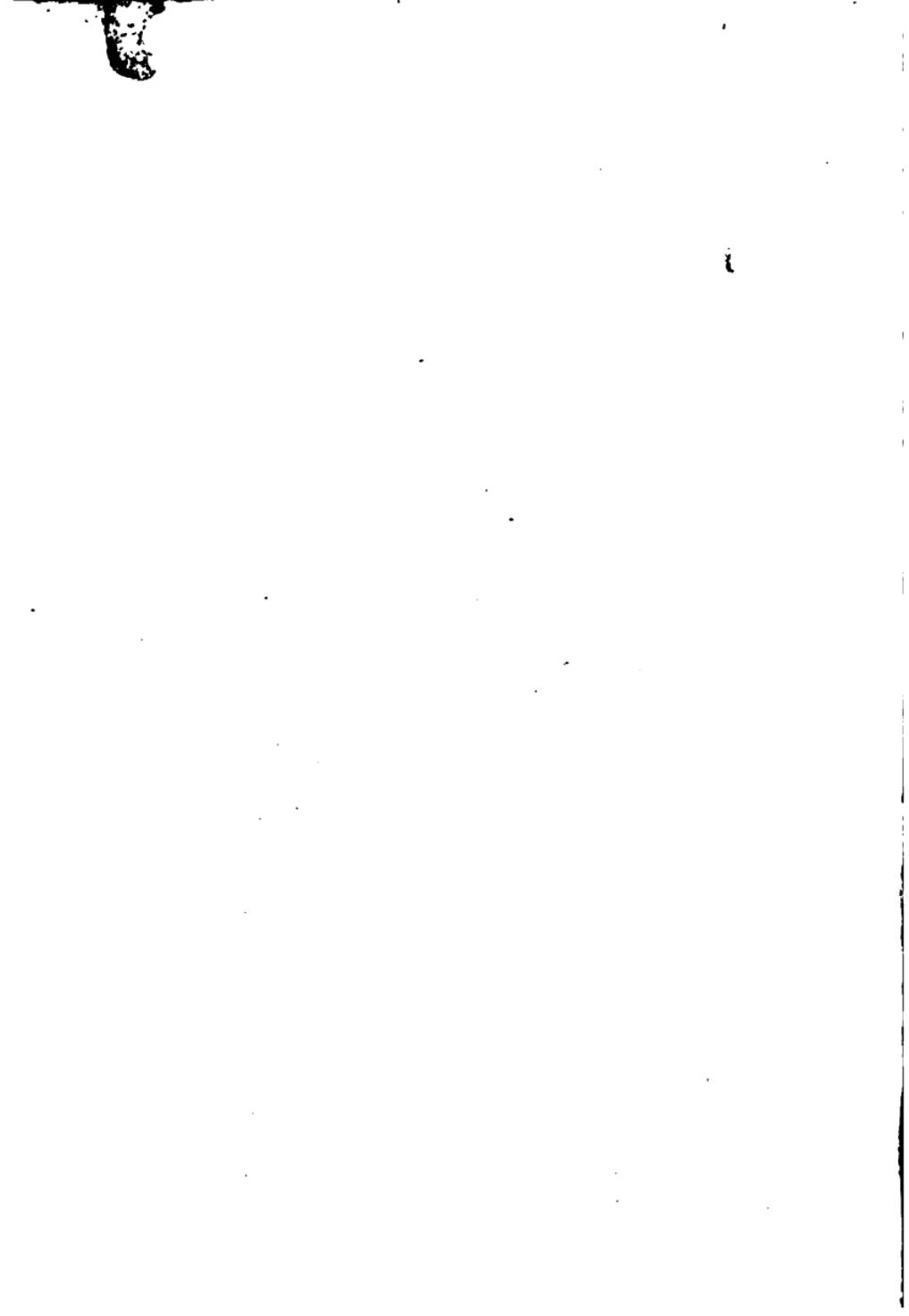
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HISTORY OF NICOLAS MUSS

*AN EPISODE OF THE
MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW*

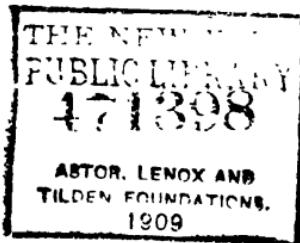
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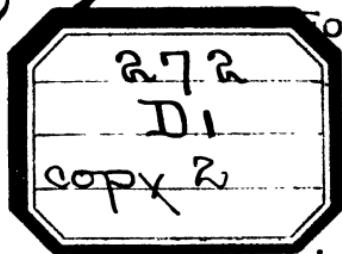


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JULIA
VANALE

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Here is, as he related it,

THE HISTORY OF NICOLAS MUSS,
Household Servitor of M. l'Amiral,

*how with a comrade true, a valiant Swiss,
he did adventure his life during the Matins
of Paris, how through God's succor had de-
liverance therefrom, and how also he protected
the young damsel afterwards his spouse.*

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МОИ ВЕЛИКИЕ
УЧАСТИЯ

THE HISTORY OF THE REÎTRE NICOLAS MUSS.

ON a certain winter evening of the year 1611 we sat together, good comrades all, in the lodgment of Master Nicolas Muss, yclept the Reître ; for we who are still termed “Francillons” in Geneva, being newly-made citizens, did frequently repair after supper to that honest innkeeper to hold discourse of politics, and to revive old times over the tankard. Now on that evening it chanced that some one did recall the Matins of Paris, and the desolation of the churches when the first breath of that tempest swept across the provinces. “Know ye nought but hearsay ?” our host demanded, approaching, goblet in hand, to the table where we sat. “ ’Sdeath, comrades ! closely did I keep vigil, feast, and octave of the Saint-Barthélemy of that year 1572, and if it please ye to hearken to my story, ready am I to tell it.”

On this we filled the goodman’s glass ; then

the old Reitre, having deeply quaffed, began to speak :

Twenty years old was I, and had left but three months before, for some annoy of youth, my academy of Louisburg in Wittemberg, where I had post of Public Reader. And not long after, I did enroll myself among Mansfield's Black Reitres ; 'twas when the relief was summoned into Lorraine at the beginning of the third war.*

Ye know full well how after Jarnac and Roche-la-Belle came the rude day of Montcontour,† where we were worsted, each one hotly rushing into the fray without waiting signal. M. de Châtillon did receive there a hurt in the cheek from a pistol-butt, his Arabian escaping from his control during the charge, and carrying him into the thick of the arquebusiers. We yellow-scarves ‡ did rescue him but hardly ; and mayhap he did observe me at his stirrup, making good play with my poniard, while the Swiss of Pfeiffer and of Cléry tickled ribs with their halberds about us. Be that as it may ; the next day, as we were marching from Parthenay

* 1569.

† October 8, 1569.

‡ *Les écharpes jaunes* ; the badge worn by the German soldiers fighting in the Protestant cause.

to La Rochelle, that most noble gentleman, M. l'Amiral,* put forth his head from the litter wherein he rode, and called me to him, beholding me dismounted and in vile condition, going afoot and without equipment among the rascallions and victuallers, as in sooth many another honest fellow did. When I addressed him fairly enough in French (whereof I had learned more than a little in the schools), M. l'Amiral, perceiving me to be of good degree, did deign to hear me speak on the subject of the affairs then toward, informing himself thus of what was said in the Rheingrave concerning the party of the Huguenots. In brief, 'twas that day I entered his own company of horse, commanded by the Sieur de la Rivière, an ancient Gascon captain for whom was nought too hot nor too hard, and who, since the day of Saint-Quentin, cared for white crosses no more than red,† so hungry a sword had he.

'Twas not long afterwards that they forced

* Gaspard de Coligny, born February, 1516, was the son of Gaspard de Coligny, lord of Châtillon-sur-Loing and Marshal of France, and Louise de Montmorenci, sister of the Constable.

† *Les croix-rouges* were the Spanish, and the *croix-blanches* the French Catholics.

us to quit La Rochelle, which the Council of the Cause* designed to treat prudently as a resource in evil days, and during the whole of the year 1570 we foraged, faring as we might, in Languedoc, Auvergne, and Dauphiné; then returned to Forez and crossed the Loire at Saint-Rambert. Then did take place the combat of Arnay-le-duc, wherein did every one his utmost, yet with little profit either to one side or other. Howbeit, we took La Charité, and some of our light horsemen pricked so far onward as Châtillon-sur-Loing; M. l'Amiral not ill-pleased, doubtless, to behold again, after so long absence, the towers and pennons of his old domain. Truly the papistry had made foul ravage there. While we were yet advancing in those parts, great was the alarm in Paris, where the citizens, mindful of the day† of Saint-Denis, feared each morning to hear the crowing of the Reitres' cocks.‡ Howbeit, at last, on the 8th day of August, peace was

* *La Cause*: this was the usual appellation of the Huguenot party. "Huguenot" is said to be a nickname derived from King Hugo, a spectre which nightly haunted the streets of Paris, whence the Protestants, from their nocturnal meetings, were called *Huguenots*. Others derive the word from the German *Eidgenossen* (Confederates).

† 10th November, 1566.

‡ *I. e.*, the trumpets of the German horsemen.

signed at Saint-Germain. Garrisons were established in the four places of safety,* and MM. the Princes† and M. l'Amiral did reconduct the Reîtres as far as Langres, where, truly, they had much ado to be rid of them, for 'tis ever difficult to dismiss Germans without payment. Nathless, all laden with promises and friendly entreaties, they did proceed as far as Frankfurt, whither the Treasurers of the Exchequer sent to them some few thousand crowns for their satisfaction.

Now 'twas my fortune, after the peace, to abide at La Rochelle as servitor to M. l'Amiral, who did assign me the office of interpreter of the German tongue, and bade me lay by the harness of war to endoss the long coat of a lackey. I gave aid to old Francour, the secretary of Madame de Navarre, this latter being often in great straits to decipher the letters of our nobles beyond Rhine, with whom was ever correspondence on the matter of subsidy going forward.

In the year 1571 neither army took the field;

* La Rochelle, Montauban, Cognac, and La Charité. See Edict of August, 1570, article 39. This peace was called *la paix boîteuse et mal assise*, because it was concluded by the Sieur de Biron, who was lame, and by De Mesmes, Lord of Malassise.

† De Condé.

throughout all France the arms and armor rusted in the rack. Yet was it feigning, and this peaceful mood but idle seeming, the fire being still aglow beneath the ashes which covered it. At Rouen the papists compassed the slaughter of a handful of those of the Religion,* taking them much at disadvantage when those honest folk were returning from the sermon. At Orange also they despatched a number of the Reformed of their city, availing themselves, in this stir, of the soldiers of the county Venaisin, who chanced to be at hand. At Paris worse befell, and for one whole day the Commune,† furious because of the seizure of the cross of Gastine,‡ pillaged and slew the Huguenots of

* *La Religion*: by this is always meant the Protestant faith.

† *Commune*: this word signified at that time the populace merely.

‡ In 1569 Gastine and his brothers, merchants of the Rue St. Denis, had been hanged for celebrating the Lord's Supper in their house. Their house, called "the Five White Crosses," was torn down, and in its place was raised a monument on which was engraved the decree of condemnation. When it was desired to destroy this monument, conformably to the conditions of the Edict of Pacification of Saint-Germain, 1570, the people opposed it; and the Governor of Paris, the Marshal de Montmorenci, was obliged to rally with his troops to sustain the workmen. "This brave gentleman called members of the nobility to his aid,

the Rue Saint-Denis, so that 'twas needful to bring forward the Swiss Guards to support the archers of the Prevost, whose courage failed them. True, M. l'Amiral, seeing matters thus go from ill to worse, carried to the court his griefs and complaints against so great disorders, and his majesty did, for courtesy, cause eight or ten of the most lusty ringleaders to be hanged, in divers places, for his satisfaction. Moreover, the young king with oath, "par la Mort-Dieu,"* as was his custom, avowed he would never be at peace, and loudly complained of Messieurs de Guise, his cousins, and the ill doings of all that house of Lorraine. And yet, mayhap, this too were but feigning.

In September we were at Blois, where the

and fortified himself by the support of the Parliament, so that he did, without opposition, what he had been ordered to do."—*Memoirs of Bouillon*.

* "M. de Sipièr (the king's tutor) swore now and then, but as a gentleman may; not so Le Perron (Albert de Gondy du Perron, Marshal de Retz), who blasphemed and cursed like a sergeant who hath to apprehend a fellow. So that from him the king had gained this vice, and became so wonted thereto as to hold that oaths and blasphemies were but habit of speech, and a pretty conceit rather than a sin. By this it came to pass that 'twas the easier for him to break his plighted faith."—*BRANTÔME*.

court was sojourning. M. l'Amiral, accompanied by forty gentlemen of the Religion, and followed by all his livery, all which made sixscore swords at the least, went to kiss hands to their majesties, who had sent for him, 'twas said, to confer in private on most important matters. Afterwards we knew that 'twas question of the espousals of Prince Henry of Béarn with Madame Marguerite of France, and of another great enterprise as well, full of hazard, and wherein we of the Religion were chosen to go before to sound the fording of those dangerous waters.

In October or November M. l'Amiral was fain to return again to court for this affair, saying that he must strike that iron while it glowed, finding in it manifold excellences and a great aid to the Cause. Howbeit, the king having moved on to Touraine by reason of the chase, which was very fine in that quarter, Mme. de Navarre, plentifully accompanied by honest gentlemen and lords of the Religion, brought with her Messieurs the Princes to do homage to their majesties. Never had been seen such numbers of white scarves* at the

* "This was the badge of the Huguenot cavaliers in all the civil wars of that time. 'Away ! white-scarves ! here

court, whence Chicot* said he also would don one, but was answered gravely enough that if he ceased not from such sorry jests his ears would pay for them.

At the feast of St. Martin—as the Papists have it—every one was in his quarters, and we returned to Châtillon, whither M. l'Amiral, being espoused again this year,† wished to go to rejoin his household and repose a little space before the call to arms should again be given.

To particularize, 'twas a most worthy gentleman our master; gentle and courteous by nature, so that I have never heard him check any roughly, unless perchance when he was choleric. Of great wisdom was he in affairs of state, and of great valiancy as well; 'twas

is no quarrel of yours!' cried they of the League at Châtillon."—MÉZERAY.

* Chicot was the favorite fool in this and the following reigns. It was he, according to Mézeray, who, sitting one morning on the stairway leading to the Salle des États, "was rubbing some old blade upon the pavement, repeating these equivocal words to all who asked him what he did, '*Hé j'aiguise*' (J'ai Guise). The Duc de Guise passed by without taking notice of this, and a moment later was assassinated."

† The wedding of the Admiral and Jacqueline de Montbel, Countess d'Entremont, his second wife, took place at La Rochelle, in the presence of the Queen of Navarre and the princes, March, 1571.

said he was well famed even as far as Turkey. When he was at leisure he liked to read the goodly Latin history of Titus Livius; took pleasure in religious discourse with those of his household, as well also in the singing of psalms, and each evening would hear from M. Merlin * some pages of the Holy Scriptures. For the rest, a man of frugal and well-ordered life, about the middle height, with beard grown gray when I knew him, grave of mien, and one whom it had been ill to treat with the smallest insolence; sorry that trade had been for all his simple bearing! Truly he was reckoned somewhat over-hasty in battle, as he hath himself most ingenuously owned to his familiars. But go to! Shall not an illustrious great captain take his advantage of those who wage unholy wars, who pillage churches, burn dwellings, and spread ravage everywhere, sparing not—as do the Reitres by their oath—oven nor plough, nor woman quick with child? Were it not needful likewise to restrain the country folk who, to avenge their own misery, do fall with cudgel and flail upon the wounded and abandoned after a skirmish, pitilessly despoiling and slaying them? Therefore, M. l'Ami-

* Jean Merlin, house chaplain to the Admiral.

ral did hang those miscreants whenever he chanced to discover any, and the sight of this foul fruit suspended here and there from the lower branches of stout trees, in Poitou, in Perigord, and in Provence, gave food for reflection, be sure, to all knaves and desperadoes who roamed the country through.

Now at this time high were the hopes of all of us of the Religion. 'Twas whispered that King Charles was on the high-road to the sermon instead of the mass, and for love of M. l'Amiral ready to embroil himself with the house of Guise. Madame de Navarre made a second journey to the court, and betook herself to Blois, where, on the 11th of April, 1572, were set down all the signatures for the contract of marriage between Madame Marguerite of France and our young prince the Béarnais. Methinks the ceremony was to be held on the 1st of June, and this news spread among the provinces at the same time with that of the new war with Flanders, for which—albeit most were weakened and wearied yet by the toils of the late war—many gentlemen and soldiers presently offered themselves, joyously disposed for the service of the king and for the best they might render him.

'In the beginning of May Madame de Na-

varre was still at Paris with some small attendance, to prepare for herself all things needful for the approaching marriage. She set out from La Rochelle on the sixth day of the month, and arrived on the 15th at the Louvre. Then, delaying not, she began immediately to run hither and thither through the great city, visiting, morning and night, the shops of the craftsmen, broiderers, weavers, and goldsmiths, that she might both see and choose what seemed to her most fitting in habiliments and in jewels for the great day of the espousals.

But hereupon befell a great affliction for our churches. That excellent good princess, Madame Jeanne de Navarre, fell ill of a lung fever, whether because of some Florentine boucon,* traitorously and foully administered to hasten her last hour, as many do maintain, or whether, as 'tis my opinion, naturally enough, by occasion of the great heats which then were felt in the city, and increased moreover by her most great fatigues. However this be, Queen Jeanne gave up her soul to God, Tuesday morning, the 9th of the month

* Poison: so called from the Italian word *boccone*, morsel, or mouthful.

of June, in the four-and-fortieth year of her age and but the sixth day of her malady.

Some time after this lamentable death, for which all the court wore mourning courteously, the Council of the King sent proper missives to all the gentlemen of rank in the Protestant Party, and even to the simple gentlemen retired into the provinces, bidding them to court, with kinsmen and attendants, that they might witness the espousals of Prince Henry of Béarn, who was then called King of Navarre. At this same time the heir of Condé, son of that prince so miserably slain at Jarnac,* was betrothed to the Marquise de l'Isle, younger daughter of the house of Nevers. This youthful lord of great promise was married at Blandy, in Brie, twelve or fourteen days before the royal nuptials, and shortly afterwards set out for Paris with his bride. Finally M. l'Amiral, to whom was despatched the Sieur de Cavagnes † to hasten his coming, took also route

* "Louis, Prince de Condé, of the House of Bourbon and the branch of Vendôme, having yielded himself prisoner, after the battle of Jarnac (1569), was resting, not being able to go farther, when Montesquieu, captain of the guards of Monsieur, came behind him and with a pistol-shot in the head stretched him dead on the ground."—MÉZERAY.

† "Arnaud Cavagnes, Councillor of the Parliament of

for Paris with an attendance modest enough but well equipped and in good trim. The White Column served as vanguard; all the household retainers being newly clad in good cassocks* of the gray cloth of Carcassonne with the Huguenot ruff, booted to the thigh, and armed with long rapier and Scottish dagger.† Nor would you have seen among us any of the foppish lackeys of to-day, I warrant—with their Spanish mandilions,‡ their dainty head-gear, and bedecked with earrings to ape their masters withal—such bedizements please but the Paris gallants who have never cared for aught but vainglorious flaunting.

As to the festivals that ensued—lest I be too long of discourse—it sufficeth to say that on the 17th of August (1572), which fell that year on a Sunday, the betrothal was celebrated in the Louvre by M. le Cardinal de Bourbon,

Toulouse and one of the chief confidants of the Admiral.”
—DAVILA.

* “*Cassock*. Name given to the large-sleeved cloak worn by the mousquetaires and the garde-corps.”—LITTRÉ.

† *Dague à roelle*. Scottish dagger. This was the arm to be used by the left hand in a duel.

‡ *Mandillon*. “A sort of cloak made in three pieces, one of which hung down the back and the two others upon the shoulders.”—GATTEL.

uncle of the King of Navarre. There was great throng about the Louvre in the evening, in the Rue de l'Autruche, at the wicket of the Pont-Tournant, and even as far as the inner courtyard of the Swiss the people of Paris stood and waited to see the bride go forth. After the sumptuous royal banquet and after they had danced awhile passe-pieds, canaries, and pavannes,* the night being fallen, the King, the Queen-Mother, the Queen Elizabeth,† the Duchesse de Lorrainé,‡ Monsieur the Duc d'Alençon, and after them the dames and demoiselles of the court, with two or three hundred gentlemen, the whole in mighty brave attire, curbed, plumed, and laced—all this brill-

* Favorite dances of the time. The passe-pied very rapid, à trois-temps, and peculiar to Brittany; the pavanne of Spanish origin, slow and stately. Marguerite de Valois is said to have excelled in this dance.

† Elizabeth, daughter of Maximilien, King of Bohemia, and granddaughter of the Emperor Ferdinand. Charles IX. had married this princess at Mézières in 1570, and thus found himself for the second time brother-in-law of Philip II., who married successively Elizabeth, daughter of Henry II. of France, and Anne, daughter of Maximilien of Bohemia.

‡ Madame Claude of France. At the conclusion of the treaty of Chateau-Cambrésis (1559) this second daughter of Henry II. was married to the young Duke Charles de Lorraine.

iant, begilded troop, which the torches of a world of valets lighted as if with the radiance of day, put itself in motion to conduct the bride to the Evêché of Paris; while all the falcons, culverins, sakers, and serpentines of the Arsenal and of the Bastille, Saint-Antoine, thundered their discharges at every moment; yet so great was the clamor of the citizens that not even the fifes and drums of the regiment of the guards could be heard at the riverside, and much ado had the tipstaves* to keep in bounds of respect the indiscreet and curious who so beset the way.

That same evening—it had struck nine—as I took my way through the Rue au Feutre in order to escape from this great press of people, I will relate briefly (since it doth in no way touch upon the politics of those times) how I made encounter of two poor burgher damsels crying and bewailing themselves in the hands of five or six gallants, scholars and lackeys; for some wore the mandilion, and some the gown and round caps of the youths of the university. These rogues were haling their prey forcibly into some miserable wine-shop, and as I made motion to stay them, they cried

* *Pertuisiniers.* Constables.

out to me to keep at a distance, for that they were but some wenches of the Rue Glatigny or the Rue Val-d'Amour.* Howbeit the two damsels swore to me by their souls' safety that they were honest women, and they lamented loudly, holding fast to me. One of them did affirm, moreover, that they were of the parish of Saint-Séverin, chambermaids in great houses there, and now alone, having by sad mischance lost their comrades in the fête. "By God's sooth,"† quoth I then to my lackeys, "you see they have their masks;‡ let them run!" but with that they cried out, "Fox!" and, "German, Bei-Gott!" and fell upon me with great noise. But I gave them cake for their dough, for I accommodated the first who came with such a rap that he rolled in the mire crying that he had had enough. And herewith the other gallants waited not, but took to their heels. As for me, I would have stayed awhile to hold converse with the

* Streets of ill repute.

† "Par la Certes-Dieu" was the oath of the Huguenots, and many among them permitted themselves no other.

‡ Modest women did not venture forth from their own parish without being masked. The masks were of black velvet, folded in two like a portfolio; no string held them on the face, but a small wire, terminated by a glass button at the corner of the mouth, sufficed to keep them in place.

two affrighted women, one of whom, to my thinking, had a most sweet voice and countenance, but they had fled by the way of the bridge Saint-Michel, without so much as a word to me, as “God return you the service, friend!” And as my way was elsewhere, I went on and thought no more of it, leaving it to Him who sees all things to decide if those two masks were of a truth discreet damsels, as they made pretence, or if they *were following after St. Bezet* as the Paris speech hath it, and had but gulled me fairly.

But now enough of my paltry affairs, for 'tis of weighty and tragic matters I design to speak.

The day after the betrothal the King of Navarre, attended by the Ducs d'Anjou and d'Alençon, brothers of the King, went to fetch his bride. He was followed by the princes his cousins, Messieurs* de Condé, de Conti, de Montpensier, then Messieurs de Guise, d'Aumale, de Nevers, the four brothers Montmorency, Monsieur l'Amiral, De La Rochefoucault, Tavanne, Cossé, the Governor of Paris, and many more lords, both Catholic and of the Religion, who marched in fair array. Mark ye that on this day King Charles, his brothers,

* Dukes and peers were not then addressed as monsieur.

the King of Navarre, and also Messieurs the Princes of the Blood Royal of France were clad alike in a complete apparel of pale yellow satin, all covered with silver broidery, great pearls, and twinkling jewels. The other seigneurs were dressed in divers colors and fashions according to their condition, and each one in the mode of his province. My master, M. l'Amiral, was attired all in black satin with hat of violet velvet, his stockings were of black silk, and he wore the Grand Order* to do honor to the fête; and sith he had aforetime been colonel-general of the French foot, it needs not to ask if each and every one vailed bonnet to him, and if the old captains and veterans of the infantry felt themselves honored if he vouchsafed them but a slight sign of acquaintance.

Being arrived before the bishopric, they took their way to the church for the espousal, and 'twas then I recognized—having formerly seen her at Blois—Madame Marguerite, conducted

* "The Grand Order of Saint-Michel—a collar of interlaced cockle-shell ornaments, with the medal of Saint-Michel and the device '*immensi tremor oceanii*'—was only worn," says Brantôme, "at the greatest fêtes and ceremonies, and when a knight of the order died his heirs restored it to the crown. The lesser order was suspended to a black ribbon, and must be worn at all times."

by the king, her brother, beautiful and radiant as was ever queen* in triumph ; and since, on the night foregoing there had been erected for the ceremony a raised gallery from the bishopric along the porch of Notre Dame as far as the grand portal of the church, the youthful pair and the whole train of courtiers were full in view of the Place, which, to say sooth, swarmed with people as ever ant-hill did with ants. And this was the stage wheron, in sight of all, M. de Bourbon, accoutred in his cardinal's robe, gave the nuptial benediction in a certain formulary of which 'twas said, the

* "Clad was she in a robe of violet velvet thickly wrought with fleur-de-lys of gold, with a royal mantle with hanging train bordered all with fleur-de-lys as well. On her head was set a crown made of great pearls and enriched with diamonds, rubies, and other goodly gems of value inestimable. She was followed by the Queen-Mother and the Queen-Regnant, then came the Duchess de Lorraine, and all the other princesses, dames, and demoiselles of the court, attired some in cloth of gold, some in cloth of silver and other costly raiment of like sort. Before her marched an hundred gentlemen of the household of the king, each with battle-axe in hand. Next came the four heralds-at-arms in their accustomed garb. The other guards and officers of the king's household followed, each in his rank, and trumpets, clarions, hautboys, and divers other instruments played, striving who should outdo the rest. Issuing from their lodgment, they were conducted through a gallery expressly made," etc.

words had been agreed on betwixt the King's council and the leaders of the Cause, that no one should be scandalized thereby. Then did the bridegroom withdraw a little apart, and walked in the cloisters of Notre Dame with Messieurs de Condé and other gentlemen of the Religion, while madame, his wife, entered the church with her papists to hear the chanting of the mass. And shortly afterwards both returned to the bishopric, where the court took dinner that day.

In the evening was feasting anew in the great hall of the palace, and not only for those guests from the provinces, and the seigneurs who were in ordinary at court, but for all the high magistrates of the long robe; to wit, Messires of the Court of Subsidies, the Exchequer, the Mint, the Court of Inquests, also the sheriffs of the city and the prisons, with all them of the royal household and great quantity of other worthy fellows, whom I counted not for lack of leisure. 'Tis said there was a marvellous masking after the banquet, wherein the King took part, as also Messieurs the Princes and all the court gallants; but as one might not enter the hall without counter*

* *Counters.* Flat, round pieces of copper, in use for the control of official invitations.

—such stubborn ward was kept—and I not there, being only on the stairway of the guards, I dwell not upon 't, seeing that it hath all been imprinted for the curious, and is to be read of in the great histories.

Nathless, M. l'Amiral, seeing so many jests and sports and wanton pastimes forward, and being well assured that 'twould be the same tale for three or four days to follow, was less pleased than he made semblance of; for I heard him say to M. de Feligny that night, as he was disrobing and drinking his evening cup, that he recked he should have no privacy of the King, howbeit, before withdrawing from court, he needed much discourse with him on matters of great import to the kingdom, and was mightily at a loss how to discharge this duty.*

* Last letter of Coligny to his wife:

“ My very dear and well-beloved wife: This day hath been the marriage of the king's sister with the King of Navarre. The three or four days to come will sure be spent in games, feasting, masques, and mimic battles. The king hath assured me that he will bestow some leisure on me to hear the plaints which are come from divers parts of this realm touching the edict of pacification which hath been violated. Fain would I employ myself thus; for though I have much desire to see you, yet would you be discontent with me, as I do think, were I to be laggard in so great a matter, and were it to be ill done through any lack of mine. Nor will this delay retard greatly my quit-

Fain would I speak more of the wedding festivities, the gallant allegories and conceits of sweet music, of which account, forsooth, a great book might be compounded for the sake of ladies and to satisfy their curious dispositions. But these be not my concerns nor yours; and briefly let me say that the wedded pair lay at the palace that night and continued still in private on Tuesday the 19th, till three of the afternoon, when all the court, with the same array and splendor as before, came to fetch them to a banquet at the Hôtel d'Anjou, where the King of Navarre had bidden the whole company at his own cost. In the evening I had at last entrance to the gallery of the Palace of Bourbon by good-will of one of the guards, who was from Louisburg, and had

ting of this place. Had I regard but to my pleasure, far rather would I be with you than to remain here, but for the reasons I have laid bare to you. Yet must the public good still be dearer to us than our own delight. As to the news which I can give you, here be some. This day at four hours after noon the bridal mass was chanted, during which the King of Navarre kept apart in a place near the temple, with some lords of our Religion who had attended him. Other particularities there are, which I will recount to you. On which, my most dear lady, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

"From Paris, this 18th day of August, 1572."

known me as Reitre. And know that never was on earth so sumptuous a banquet nor such goodly shows as at this feast, whereat one might see the paradise of Armida and her bosky nymphs, knights-errant, the god Cupid and his gossip Mercury, and many merry devils and fiends, with their wonted gambols, contortions, and apish tricks, to divert the ladies and to pleasure all the assemblage.*

* Here is Master Simon Goulart's account of the entertainment :

"First in the aforesaid great Hall had Paradise been placed at the right hand ; the entrance whereof was defended by three cavaliers armed at all points, and these no others than the King and his brothers. To the left was Hell, in which one beheld vast numbers of devils and devillkins. Paradise and Hell were parted by a stream which ran betwixt them, on the which plied a bark conducted by Charon, boatman of Hell. At one end of Hall, behind Paradise, were the Elysian Fields: to wit, a garden tricked with green and every kind of flower; and above was the heaven empyrean, which showed like a great wheel with the twelve signs on it, and the seven planets and an infinity of little stars, which were transparent, and so let in a great light and brilliancy by the means of lamps and flambeaux artificially introduced therein. This wheel revolved continually, making so the garden to turn around, in the which were twelve nymphs very richly dressed.

"In the Hall were also troops of knights-errant, armed cap-a-pie and wearing divers liveries, led by the princes and seigneurs, and all these were fain to win entrance into

On the 21st, being Thursday, one saw, in all squares and public places of Paris, nought but theatres, stages for the playing of comedy, for singing and music, and artificial fountains which ran with hypocras and red wine for all comers; and everywhere was there dancing and brawling* of the populace. 'Twas relat-

Paradise, and so afterwards to find those nymphs of the garden; yet were they stayed by the three cavaliers who kept guard there, who presented themselves one after another for combat, and having broken the spears of their assailants, and given them, mayhap, a blow or two with their short-swords, sent them over to Hell, where they were dragg'd by devils. This sort of tilting did continue till all the knights were overthrown and drawn one by one into Hell, which then was fast barred. On the instant descended from Heaven Mercury and Cupid borne upon a cock, and singing and dancing. Sieur Mercury was that singer so renowned. Étienne Leroy, who, having alighted on the earth, did homage to the three cavaliers in a melodious harangue; which finished he mounted again his cock, and was borne back into the skies, still singing as he went. Then did the three cavaliers leave their place, and, traversing Paradise, fetch from the Elysian Fields those twelve nymphs, whom they led straightway to the midst of the Hall where, for an hour, they danced very marvellously. This being over, the knights were released from Hell, and did then begin to fight, so that the Hall was covered with broken lances, and one might see on all sides how the blows struck fire on harness. Such were the sports of this day; and one may think what were the secret thoughts of King and Council among these toyings."

* *Brawle.* A dance, wherein many (men and women)

ed the King Charles took such pleasure in these rejoicings that he grudged to spare time to sleep. That day he was seen to take the air in the Queen-Mother's coach with seven or eight good companions, most noble of all the court. He would but play the fool, he averred, so long as the fêtes endured ; one might see afterwards how well he would order the affairs of state. And to say sooth, never did he show serener visage than in these last days, nor ever made fairer welcome to those accosting him. And softer was his speech to them of the Religion—Messieurs de la Rochefoucauld, Soubise, Saint-Romain, Teligny, Briquemant—than to those of Nevers and of the house of Lorraine. Howbeit, 'tis certain that some unquiet souls, melancholy or suspicious, reflecting that they were well enmeshed in the net, began to feel ill-boding astonishment at these sweet courtesies. The sound of viol and of hautboy seemed to them but the prelude to some dire and dismal tragedy. And also, hour by hour, one might note men-at-arms arriving in the city, making pretence of the stir in Flanders for their coming. The Captains of Divisions of the bour-

holding by the hands, sometimes in a ring and otherwhiles at length, move together."—COTGRAVE.

geoisie busily went and came from the Hôtel de Guise to the Palace, from the Palace to the Louvre, from thence to the Hôtel de Nevers, and did appear to be devising some secret enterprise among themselves. The retainers of the liveries of Anjou, of Alençon, of Retz, of Nevers, of Montpensier, and of Lorraine looked sourly on our Huguenot cavaliers when they encountered in the town; and if, perchance, there arose some quarrel or punctilio upon right of passage—as might be seen to-day betwixt swashbucklers and swaggerers—truly swords came not from scabbards sith that were to punish by strappado according to the Prévôt's last judgment, but ye would have seen lackeys, innkeepers, wandering preachers, pickpockets, and such rascaldom banding together, crying “Out cudgels!” “Down with the Cause!” and even pursuing with great outcry the honest people—even dames and demoiselles—whom to set upon they ventured not. And here I do bethink me to say that on the day of the espousal, being within the porch of Notre Dame, and some of our Huguenot gentlemen making known by indiscreet discourse their loathing to enter that place, “Patience!” I heard a certain ancient lord of the court say, between his teeth, to his companion. “Fortu-

nate will he be, in short space, to whom grace to enter shall be granted.”* These sinister words abode in my memory, and I would fain have made report of it that same evening to M. l’Amiral, but he received it but lightly, saying that in all factions and civil wars there were ever such heated and choleric humors who spoke not but of death and vengeance, and it were wisest not to be moved thereby. Another of the servitors averring that he also had certain counsel to be on his guard, “ ‘Tis nought, ‘tis nought,” quoth he. “ I trust in my king and in his word, else were it not possible to live in such alarms.” Then shortly he added, “ and for my part, methinks ‘twere better to die at one fair blow than to perish thus for thirty years of daily fear.”†

* Quoted by Mézeray. If this anecdote is authentic we must conclude from it that the poor Signerolle, assassinated by order of his master because he had imprudently hinted at the existence of a secret plot, was a very useless victim ! In truth, the project of an uprising against the Huguenots was in the air, and that at least six days before the day of St. Bartholomew. The strange confidence of the Protestants is only the more inexplicable.

† Quoted by Brantôme. This chronicle says further : “ Nay, I will say more ; a hundred times warned of assassination, and that of a surety persons were come for that purpose from all parts. Never showed he semblance

Nevertheless, certain honest gentlemen, and of the most valiant of the party, looked otherwise on the affair. M. de Montferrand came in the morning of this day to take his leave. "I am going, monsieur," said he, "by reason of the good cheer which is toward; liking rather, come what will, to be reckoned among madmen than sots." M. de Montmorency, eldest of that name, departed without any stir for Chantilly, or mayhap for l'Isle-Adam, saying he must visit forthwith his mother, the dowager of the late constable. Others besides took horse not long after, and, quitting the fête, returned quietly to their provinces. But they who were lodged in the Faubourg* remained behind—being yet the best warned—although that their apprehensions were treated but as chimeras and scarecrows. As for M. l'Amiral, never would he list to these croaking counsels, intrusting himself to the King's goodness, and having no thought besides but for the war in Flanders, of which he discoursed much to every

of fear, nor went with larger guard, but rather showed himself so confident, that sometimes, as myself have seen, he took but four men with him. When 'twas spoken to him of these matters, he did but reply, "Tis well! He who attacks me will fear me as much as I shall fear him."

* Saint-Germain.

one about him, such liking had he for the expedition.

And now needs must be told of that fatal day, Friday, the 23d, which was the forerunner of their desolation to them of the Religion. On that morning M. l'Amiral had been at the Louvre, not for affairs of state, as he would have desired, but on occasion of a certain dispute betwixt two gentlemen: * the council wishing to arrange the matter, and MM. de Cosse, de Tavanne, and he having commission to declare their opinion thereof before Monsieur the King's brother, who presided at the meeting as of ordinary. Leaving the council, and being met with the King, just come from hearing mass at the chapel which is set over against the Louvre, † his majesty escorted him very courteously to the tennis court, where the King and M. de Guise had made a party at play with the Sieur de Teligny and another. The Admiral watched the game for a space, commanding many fine strokes of the rackets; anon he went thence to dine, eleven o'clock having sounded. He was attended at this hour but by ten or twelve persons, gentlemen and servitors, for this goodly lord pleased not him-

* De Guerchy and De Thiange.

† The chapel attached to the Palace Bourbon.

self in display of state, notwithstanding that he had permission from the King to have large escort, and that MM. de Lorraine failed not to carry in their train in these times fifty or sixty determined bravos and roysterers ever ready to bare swords to daylight. As we were faring onward, and about an hundred paces from the Louvre, M. l'Amiral reading, as he went, in a supplication newly come from the provinces, the sound of arquebus was heard—oh, fatal shot!—and our dear lord staggered, exclaiming that he was wounded, and pointing with bloody hand to smoke that still issued from the low and grated window in a house hard by. M. de Guerchy, who walked at his right hand, a little in the rear, sprang forward to uphold him; some had already rapier in hand, crying hotly that 'twas the lodgment of Villemur, servitor of the Guises; that we were betrayed; that the door must be forced and all within sacked pitilessly; others summoned the guard of the Louvre with loud calls, while the passers-by, amazed, and fallen by evil chance on this adventure, hasted to escape by all the neighboring ways.

Howbeit, M. l'Amiral, regarding his equerry who had run forward and was groaning in distress, said to him, hastily, “ Go, Yolet, tell the

King what hath befallen me," and then added, bravely, that he was eased enough, and made two or three of our own to help him onward, assuring us that he could go afoot to his own dwelling, which by good hap was not far distant from the place of this tragedy.

Now will I not delay to relate to you who he was who had fired that shot, nor how that detestable murderer, that wretch already stained with his master's* blood, had been at 's post since daybreak, watching for his victim. All this hath long since been writ in history, and God long ago dealt justly by him.† The

* Maurevel, *soi-disant* Seigneur de la Brie, had treacherously slain M. de Mony, one of the Huguenot leaders retired into Poitou after the battle of Montcontour. This valiant captain, according to Brantôme, had nourished him in his own household and trained him to the use of arms.

† "The arquebusier had hastily fled by the postern door which leads to the cloister of Saint-Germain de l'Auxerrois, where was a horse in readiness furnished with pistols at saddlebow; having mounted, he escaped by the Porte Saint-Antoine, where he found a Spanish courser held for him, and, alighting from the first and mounting the second, fled away at hot speed."—*Etat de France*.

What became of this Maurevel? "Every one shunned him as 'twere the plague. After the siege of La Rochelle he returned to the court, where he was ever asking something and, by importunity, obtaining it: certain ones fear-

door being forced in, we found but a pitiful dull valet and an old serving-woman praying for mercy. Hardly, I warrant me, did those twain escape being strangled on the spot; yet were they given over, being still alive, to the archers of the *Prévôt*, and methinks I have heard that they were presently put to the rack, or that semblance was made of it. But to what purpose? It was full sure that the wretches thus abandoned to their fate knew nought of the complot, and they who might have given report of it were too great game to be hunted down.

I know not what befell at the Louvre on the news of this treachery, but 'tis said there was great stir.* The King of Navarre, the

ful lest he did to them what he had done at their bidding. And, in truth, he had a pension as if he had been '*le Tueur du Roi*.' Moreover, he had privilege of wearing harness in the Louvre, even to the King's chamber, and carrying pistols, as a threatened man; yet was he hated and abhorred of all, even the last King, Henry III., so that he forbade him his chamber. And he went to the palace no more, but confounded, his eyes cast down, and his demeanor fitting the man he was. Finally, M. de Mony's eldest son, good and valiant gentleman, not able longer to bear unavenged his father's death, finding this Maurevel in the street, did attack him furiously and slew him."—**BRANTÔME.**

* "The King, who was playing at tennis with the Duc

Prince de Condé, the Count de La Rochefoucault, and great number of other Huguenot barons and gentlemen, being informed of the wounding of the Admiral, arrived speedily to visit him, and at the same time came also several Catholic gentlemen, friends or kinsmen of the Châtillons (notably they of the house of Montmorency); so that for hours that afternoon fifty or sixty cavaliers were in our hall. Also the court physicians came in haste, M. de Mazile, to wit, and the Sieur Ambrose Paré (this latter being of the Religion and surgeon to his majesty). It behooved to extract the ball from the left arm, and to cut off, at the same time, the right hand of the poor wounded gentleman, who bore this suffering with marvellous firm and patient countenance, while we who saw him thus dismembered might not refrain from shedding hot tears. "Friends,"

de Guise, hearing this news, threw his racket on the ground, and said with an oath, 'Am I never to be left in peace!' and withdrew into his chamber with vexed face, while the duke retired by another way, seeming confused at seeing him thus angered. This strange, sudden event struck some with consternation, others with fear; some with horror, many with joy. Every one had eyes but for the King and the Admiral to see how they would bear themselves, but one knew not whether the latter showed more constancy or the former more disquietude."—MÉZERAY.

quoth he, “why do ye weep?” (he spoke thus chiefly, I do conjecture, for sake of his daughter there kneeling, all in tears, before his elbow-chair, while Cornaton held his hands and Captain Monins kept him steady by the shoulders). “I am wounded truly, but I know it hath been done by the will of God, our Master, without whom can nothing come to pass. Pray Him that He may bestow on me the grace of constancy.” And as the minister of our household stood by without a word, nor able in any wise to refrain from weeping, “How now, M. Merlin,” said he, “will you not make shift to comfort me?”

“Truly, yes, monsieur,” replied the godly man, “for consider how greatly God doth honor you, judging you thus worthy to suffer in His cause.”

“Praised be God!” the Admiral made answer, “who shows such kindness and graciousness to me His poor servant.”

Fain would I repeat to you the goodly prayer he made, which was hearkened to by all the assistance to their great edification, but, how it is I know not, it hath long since faded from my memory. Briefly let me say that he besought — as do ever they who suffer — the gift of patience, commanding himself to the

mercy of God, and resigning himself to His will.* A little later he was got to bed, when M. Danville, the maréchal, approaching the bedside and lifting the curtain, said softly, "My cousin, I undertake not to console you nor yet to exhort you to patience, since 'tis you who set us lesson therein." Then he made offer of every service, wondering much whence should have come this villainous deed. The Admiral made answer in words that we heard not, and I do not know if he discovered to the maréchal (as 'twas reported) any suspicion of the house of Lorraine. "Of a verity," he added, speaking more distinctly, "one thing doth affect me, and that is that this wound doth deprive me of showing to the King how great is my desire to serve him" (this he said having thought to the war in Flanders). "Greatly do I desire that his majesty will have speech of me," he

* "Suddenly the Admiral, with a voice louder than customary, and very moving, said, 'Lord, my God, have pity on me through thy mercy and loving-kindness. I implore thee, for the love of thy Son, to grant me thy Holy Spirit and the gift of patience. I am ready for whatever pleases thee, being well assured that if I die thou wilt receive me into the blessed rest of thy kingdom. If thou wilt, oh Heavenly Father, that I tarry yet on earth, grant me to employ the remainder of my days to promote thy glory and to serve thee ever more and more.'"*—Etat de France.*

said again, “for there are certain things to say which do concern him much, and methinks there is no person else who will venture upon them.”

Mayhap these words were presently carried to the Louvre by one of the hearers of them, or his majesty perchance was urged by curiosity or apprehension to see the wounded gentleman, for towards two of the afternoon we heard the royal guard advancing by the Rue des Fossés Saint-Germain (I mind me 'twas the Swiss of Galaty de Soleure who were then in waiting), on which every one made haste to stand in order at his post, and the King appeared, announced by the *Ordinaires*,* and saluting the company very graciously, according to his wont. The Queen-Mother, Monsieur and the Duc d'Alençon followed him; all four with serious mien and countenances disquieted like people who had been more pleased with a less company. It is certain that there

* *Les Ordinaires*: thus was called the first company of the regiment of the Guards. It was composed of one hundred gentlemen, including the royal bodyguard, twenty-four in number. These wore a white armor with tags of silver, and two of them were always near the King's person. The *Ordinaires* reinforced the guard of the Louvre every night at seven o'clock.

were at this moment—in the great room and in the lesser chamber where Cornaton slept*—more than two hundred gentlemen and leaders of the Cause, who parleyed in low tones among themselves, with sour faces and demeanor and gestures of people ill-content; those who were near the Admiral passing and repassing before and behind the Queen-Mother and her sons, who stood, with some of their private friends, in the midst of the room; whereas the King was at the bedside of the wounded man behind the hangings, where no one—save haply M. Merlin—might hear what went forward.†

* “We beheld ourselves surrounded by more than two hundred gentlemen, going and coming about us without that respect and honor that was our due; and as if they suspected that we had hand in the Admiral’s hurt. We were surprised and fearful to see ourselves thus hemmed about: my mother hath since avowed it to me.”—Relation of the Duc d’Anjou (Henry III.), cited in the *Memoirs of Villeroy*.

† It is probable that Admiral de Coligny suspected the existence of the League, and as a loyal subject of the King, whose good faith he never doubted, wished to put him on his guard against the fury of the party which caused, later, the assassination of Henry III. At least, such is the opinion of Simon Goulart, who seems to have been in the confidence of the only witness of this interview. “‘M. l’Amiral,’ said the King, ‘par la Mort-Dieu! I will avenge you of this. The woman and the lackey who were found

The King, having dismissed the household servitors, I can but tell as 'twas told me afterwards, how he looked curiously on the ball with which the Admiral was wounded in the left arm—'twas of copper—and how he inquired of the pain of the dressing, affirming, so Cornaton related, that never was more gallant man in all the world. The Queen-Mother desired also to behold it, saying, "Full glad am I it hath not stayed in the wound, for therein might be great danger of poisoning." At these

in the house whence the shot was fired are in prison. Prythee, are the judges selected to look into this affair well-suited to your mind ?" "Since you find them fitting, sire," replied the Admiral, "they suit me well, only I crave humbly that M. de Masperault be added to them, also Cavagnes, who is one of your majesty's councillors;" and another also he named, whom he who told me remembered not. Then the King and the Queen-Mother approached closely, and they conversed for some minutes very low together; then said the Queen-Mother, "Woman though I be, 'tis my opinion one may provide betimes for 't.' "Twas then the Admiral warned the King of the unhappy designs of some against the realm, but 'twas warning given in vain, since the Queen-Mother heard it."

If the policy of Catherine had hitherto been to crush neither party in order to play one against the other, the impending massacre of St. Bartholomew would make it needful for her to ally herself in future with the faction of the Guises, and accordingly to combat as chimeras all the King's suspicions of his cousins.

sinister words Cornaton said, “Nay, that contented us not, madame, for to avoid that danger we have given M. l’Amiral a preserving draught against the poison, if by evil chance there were such.” In fine, many were the honeyed speeches during this royal visit, and ’twas indeed proposed, by the Queen’s familiar,* to transport the Admiral before nightfall to the Louvre, in fear of the Parisians, quoth ’a, who were much incensed against them of the Religion, and from whom, if the populace should assault the lodging, it would be no light task to defend the Admiral. But the Sieur de Mazille, who seemingly knew not yet of the snare that was set, answered the King that ’twere ill done in his opinion, movement and the open air being harmful to so recent a hurt. So that plot came to nought, albeit that the Queen of Navarre was already lodged in the apartment of her sister of Lorraine, in order that M. l’Amiral might have all his convenience at the Louvre.

* The Maréchal de Retz, Albert de Gondy, confidant of Catherine de Médicis. His mother, a native of Florence, was the foundation of his good-fortune, being governess of all the royal children. He was placed with the young King, Charles IX, “whom he perverted in all things,” says Brantôme, being crafty, dissolute, subtle, false, and mightily hypocritical.

Not long after the departure of the King and the lords who attended him, there was held council of all those of the Religion in the lower hall, where were present the Prince de Condé and the King of Navarre. Many who had been in the city testified to their disquietude concerning what was going forward there, others frankly avowed that in these parlous times 'twere ill done to trust blindly the promises of the court. But these were stoutly rebuked by M. de Teligny who—alas!—would hear no doubt cast upon the royal word, and when the Vidâme de Chartre* still upheld that the best were to tarry not, but convey the Admiral away forthwith, mount to horse, and all, sword in hand, flee from Paris where no safety was, M. de Teligny disputed with him hotly, saying that justice would be done, that he knew the king's goodness of heart, and that his faith and his favor were in no wise to be doubted. This unhappy counsel, wherein

* Jean de Ferrière, Vidâme de Chartre. This gentleman escaped the massacre."

"A vidâme was originally the judge of a bishop's temporal jurisdiction, but in process of time he became a lord by altering his office into a fief held of the bishopric he belonged unto, . . . and in all privileges and rights equal to a viscount."—COTGRAVE.

he was most obstinate, caused that no resolve was taken and that all action was deferred till the day following; the King of Navarre being also minded that patience were best.

The next day—alas, that I must call to mind that bloody vigil!—all in the divers parishes of Paris might well discern that some plot was hatching, and here I can avouch mine own experience, for I was sent unto M. de la Rochefoucault, Rue des Prouvelles, and had also commission to go to the Lion Noir, Rue Saint-Honoré.* In all parts might one behold folk transporting staves and spikes of war, officers and quartermasters taking note of certain dwellings, citizens grouped together in espial, and in every street were shops close shut,† which opened not though one should ring by the hour at them. And finally those who loitered on the pavements that day were more insolent than of custom, and shouted “À la Cause! Madame la Cause!” whenever they

* The temporary lodging of Charles de Teligny.

† As is seen in our own day in many small towns where shopkeepers content themselves with taking down the shutters in the morning and replacing them at night. Those who have business with the merchant must ring at the door.

recognized one of us, so that we were fain to pass them by modestly, nose in mantle. Nigh to the Hôtel de Nevers myself had for a moment play with my cutlass ; five or six knaves in Anjou's livery, having discovered me for the servitor of M. l'Amiral, did cry out “At the Reître! at him!” swearing that I should dance to their music. Howbeit, at that time a Swiss of Navarre and an archer of the Prévôt* chancing to pass by, I had, for an instant, advantage ; and thrusting and parrying made shift to withdraw myself from their midst and escaped, with oath to God that I would some day have odds of that beggarly crew.

When I came again to my own lodging I learned that he who had held the relay horse for the traitor Maurevel had been arrested near by the Hôtel de Guise ; 'twas reported also that the city gates were shut, and that Messieurs de Guise and d'Aumale had privily withdrawn themselves from Paris, having been but ill received at the Louvre, where the King

* This was the officer of the King's household whose duty it was to quell all disorders arising among the royal suite. All the arrests in the Louvre were made by his order. He commanded a hundred archers, whose uniform differed but little from that of the Guards.

had met them with a lowering brow;* but to outweigh this some gentlemen of the Religion brought us scurvy news indeed; 'twas said the populace had risen, being credulous that the Huguenots were about to take vengeance on the house of Lorraine. This had heated and alarmed the Parisians, unsteady folk, whom a word would stir and a word set on to the attack. In short, the danger seemed pressing enough to send Cornaton to acquaint him of the tumult, and to pray him to send a few archers from the Louvre to stand guard at the Admiral's dwelling, inasmuch as six archers in the royal livery would suffice to quell a very great disorder.

Nathless, M. l'Amiral — whose hurts were doing well that day, so said the leeches—was

* "The Ducs de Guise and d'Aumale had audience of the King, and in presence of several persons said to him that they saw their service was little to his liking. That they deemed it would be the King's pleasure if they retired to their estates, and that they were ready to do so. The King looked frowningly upon them, and said bitterly enough that they might go whither they would; that it might be well done should he find them guilty of the outrage to the Admiral. . . . On which, quitting the presence of the King, well attended, they got to horse about midday as if to depart, and proceeded towards the Porte Saint-Antoine; nevertheless they left not the city."

fain to hear all news from the Louvre, the city, and the faubourgs. 'Twas thus he learned the feigned departure of the Guises, which he took in good faith, as did many another besides; next one told him how that Monsieur and the Duc d'Angoulême* had been seen to drive about the city, having left the Queen-Mother at her new garden of the Tuilleries. And at evening came one who reported that the regiment of the Guards held the approaches of the Louvre, of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois and all the neighboring streets even to the river, but to that he made answer "that 'twas excellently well done of the King to restrain the citizens; that 'twas plain to see he had good counsel, and who would play at *primero* with him would full surely lose his stakes."† Yet did he seem some trifles disordered when first he knew that Rambouillet ‡ had dislodged, since midday, all the Catholic gentlemen who dwelt near by the Louvre. Moreover, it was said that this

* Charles d'Angoulême, natural brother of the King and Grand-Prior of France; died in 1585.

† *La Prime*. A game at cards mentioned by Rabelais, in which only four cards were dealt. It remained in favor through the reign of Henry IV.

‡ Nicolas d'Augennes, Seigneur de Rambouillet, a favorite of the Queen-Mother, was at that time marshal of the royal household.

same officer of the household had order of the King to lodge within the Louvre, before night-fall, all the Huguenot leaders and noblemen who were come to Paris for the fêtes; that proclamation had been made of this, to sound of trumpet, in all the public places, and that the gentlemen of most mark were to be housed in the apartments of the King* for fear of some attempt upon them. Alas! not even this gave him suspicion! So true it is that this great captain, of mind so subtle to detect every ruse and stratagem in war, as he had an hundred times proven, intrusted himself wholly to the sworn faith of his King.

But we who stood by shared not this blind belief—saving, perchance, M. de Teligny—nay, some of us conceived violent fears in beholding Cossain† arrive, followed by fifty arquebusiers,

* “The King, having summoned his brother-in-law of Navarre, said to him that for greater safety—because of the boldness of the Guises and these excitements—he had caused his most faithful subjects to be brought to the Louvre that they might be near him and be of service in any event. The King of Navarre, believing this discourse, called to himself that night some of his own especial friends.”

† This captain, after having done valiant service—according to Brantôme—in the Tuscan and civil wars, had now charge of the regiment of the Guards.

who came at the dusk of the evening to set the watch before the door of the Hôtel de Ponthieu,* and possessed themselves of the two nearest shops for their quarters, before which they set afame cressets as in war, in preparation for the night. Seeing this, we declared that all within must arm and defend the entrance, and—for again a sort of council was held—M. de Ferrière repeated very vehemently all that he had said the night before, but was little sustained, for now indeed his plan was difficult to follow, on which, seeing that 'twas wasted breath, “Perish who will,” he cried, “at the hands of Paris butchers; as for me, I will keep myself for a more fit end, for I wot it is but madness and folly to hold thus firm amid these ambuses.” And so saying he departed, with certain other gentlemen, having need of haste to get beyond the Pont-au-Change.†

* Hôtel de Ponthieu; in our day No. 114 Rue de Rivoli. It belonged to Antoine Dubourg, Chancellor of France, and it is probable that the Admiral had hired it for temporary lodging. This small building, sadly famous, became an inn, and in the last years of the 18th century travellers were still shown “the Admiral’s bed.”

† This was, at the time of the Saint-Bartholomew, the only way of entrance to the city; the Pont Notre-Dame being then under repairs and the Pont Neuf not in existence. This latter was begun in 1578.

Howbeit, other captains offered their services to the Admiral, declaring themselves well inclined to pass the night on guard, either in his house or in the street, but he would hear nought of it, saying ever that he whom the Lord watched need fear no foe, and that, besides, there needed not such courtesy, entreating, however, that they would attend his daughter to her lodging in the Rue Saint-Honoré, that she might take there the rest of which — said he — she was so sore in need. Then M. Merlin, having prayed as was our wont, about an hour before curfew madame retired, at his expressed wish, accompanied by ten or fifteen gentlemen, lackeys and torch-bearers. Truly this poor young lady, moved, as it were, by some mortal fear, made involuntary resistance at parting, twice coming back to take leave of her father, and giving her hand to some of us of the household. I had well-nigh forgot to say that the King of Navarre, who had quitted us a little before the hour for closing the wickets at the Louvre,* did sharply chide Cossain,† who, swaggering

* They were closed at ten o'clock.

† “ ‘Braggart as Cossain’ was a proverb; for in all things was he a boaster, word, gesture, and action.” —BRANTÔME.

unseemly as 'twas his wont, wished to turn back the pages of M. de Teligny, fetching to us some armor and weapons. Cossain excused himself, saying he had order to permit no arms to pass. "Nevertheless," said he, feigning the humble servitor, "if it please your majesty the varlets shall carry them within." Well did he thus change his tune, methinks, for already Guerchy, who followed close behind the King, had drawn his sword, being ready to fall upon the traitor had he been insolent. But be it as it may, the King seemed to reflect awhile, and then commanded the Swiss, who were his escort, to remain for the night with the Admiral, albeit they had neither casque nor corselet, such as they wore on duty, but only the liveried bonnet and the red and yellow cassock.* These five or six good companions, some Béarnais, others from Berne, newly accoutred† in

* The livery of Henry of Navarre was parti-colored, red for Béarn and yellow for Navarre.

† The guard of the King of Navarre was in process of formation at this epoch. "It appeared," says Brantôme, "at the siege of La Rochelle for the first time. Men of Swiss nationality were infrequent in it, and the greater number of these Swiss were in reality Béarnais." (See "History of the French Arms" by Père Daniel.) In fact, recruiting in the Protestant cantons was not easy, and, as

King Henry's livery, returned to the Hôtel de Porthieu, whose doors were forthwith barred, and all of our halberdiers were lodged for the night in the lower hall, while we of the household took our station in the antechamber above, and M. l'Amiral listened to some pages from the book of Job, whereon he meditated awhile before he slept.

Now, before I go further in my tale, it behooves me to relate what befell at the Louvre on that afternoon. But many an one before me hath said his say on 't, as well the papist book-makers as our own Reformed who meddle with scribbling; and though the plot of assassination was kept hid by them who made it, you may find to-day all the windings thereof in many a learned commentary.* There-

might be supposed, the ambassador of France did all in his power to make it difficult.

* "After dinner the Queen-Mother took with her into her garden of the Tuilleries the King, the Duc d'Anjou, Gonzague, Tavaune, and the Comte de Rais. Then showed she them plainly how that they had in their power all of those they had so long pursued."—*État de France*.

"In the afternoon the Duc de Guise sent for the president, Charron, newly made prévôt of the merchants of the city. This latter admonished all the captains of the city to hold themselves in readiness at midnight. At midnight the Queen, who feared some hesitancy of the King,

fore will I but say how the latest comers to our lodging, Thomas the surgeon's youth and Bellon the secretary, told us that before dark many arms had been carried from the Arsenal to the Louvre, and that never had been seen so many belated passers-by, stealing silently along the walls. Howbeit no noise disquieted the parish of Auxerrois, and we who kept vigil that night beside our wounded master—Yolet, M. Merlin, Maître Paré, La Bonne, Cornaton, and I, Nicolas Muss—heard but the watch on

entered the chamber of her son, where were already the Ducs de Guise and de Nevers, Bizague, Tavaune, and the Comte de Raiz. Observing some doubtfulness in the King, she said to him,

“ ‘ Is it not better, sire, to cut off these diseased members than to tear the bosom of the Church ? ’ ”—D'AUBIGNÉ.

“ It was needful to communicate the project to the *prévôt* of the merchants and notables of Paris, who made many objections thereto and difficulties of conscience. But M. de Tavaunes, in presence of the king, chid them harshly and railed at them with threats that they should all be hanged did they not give goodly aid. Those poor devils, knowing not how to turn, made answer:

“ ‘ Eh, sits the wind in that quarter, sire ? You shall have news ere long, and monsieur also; for we will devise that this feast of Saint-Barthélemy shall be warmly remembered.’ ”

“ So ill it is to inflame a people ; which ever burneth hotter than was willed.”—BRANTÔME.

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its wonted rounds at the tenth and eleventh hours and at midnight.

It was about the first hour of the morning when a lad of the stables, yclept Certon, came and scratched at the chamber-door, and in low tones, lest he should awaken Monsieur l'Amiral, told us that there was great uproar in the direction of the Louvre, and that men were going very hastily in divers directions, as if there were some affray in the Rue d'Autruche or towards Saint-Thomas du Louvre. But Yolet chid him for his fears, saying—and was confirmed therein by another—that the noise was but revelling, King Charles having bid that assault should be made on a certain bower of lattice-work that night by the gallants of the court, which they would set afire, after the fashion of the Moors, for his pleasure. Our people were yet discoursing of this nocturnal sport, when there was a violent, sudden knocking without. We heard the Swiss below get to their arms. On this our steward seized his keys, saying he would go down.

“Open to none, La Bonne!” M. Merlin said, somewhat sharply, being assailed, I wot, by some dire foreboding.

These words awoke our master.

“What is to do?” he asked; “go thou down, La Bonne, and bring me news. Perchance,” he added, hastily, “the King is endangered in his Louvre! Summon Cossain!”

Now hardly can I go on; for my gray hairs stand up at thought of what I have to tell—the voice of Cossain demanding entrance, the sound of the wicket opening, then a cry of anguish and alarm, loud voices of the guards of Navarre, and the report of pistols—’tis all confused in my remembrance. I know not what any did, save that we all sprang to our weapons and flung ourselves into the corridor. Nor know I who abided with the admiral unless, haply, M. Merlin; for already I was at the stair-foot at the first clashing of sword on hauerk. La Bonne had fallen, stabbed by Cossain, the traitor! who was himself forced back at the same moment by thrust of sword, and the wicket closed again, yet not without effort. But the great entrance was presently attacked with axes and hatchets. How shall I tell it! An arquebus, fired through the judas,* laid low one of our Swiss—he it was who was bracing the wicket with his sturdy shoulders.

* *Judas.* “A small opening made in a panel, through which what is without can be observed.”—LITTRÉ.

Quickly an iron coffer was dragged thither to make resistance, but 'twas of no avail; already the planks shivered under the axe, and the wicket fell. At this moment one cried to us from the upper story to mount the stair again and fortify the inner door; and with that they obeyed who could, yet some there were who gained the court and thence the stables or other scurvy refuge. And now the jays* charged us with furious cries upon the stair, where hardly might we distinguish friend from foe. Yolet fell at my foot, but his base murderer tasted my vengeance, being just at the point of my halberd. Within the chamber where I made retreat, being among five others, we drove home the bolt and o'erturned coffers and settles for barricade. 'Twas then I first bethought me to look at the Admiral, who had risen from his bed and leaned against the wall in his night-gear watching this combat as if it concerned him not and moved no whit by the raging blows upon the door.

“Enough!” this great captain said, at last, “it is not first to-day that I have been prepared to die. Save yourselves while you can.

* *Les geais.* The followers of the Duc d'Anjou were thus called from their colors—black, white, and green.

Take your leave, my children. Adieu! 'Tis time to go."

Thereat some made haste to the privy stair, waiting no further. But Cornaton said, softly,

"That will I not, monsieur, saving your grace!"

"Nor I," quoth I.

And a third—"twas one of our brave followers of Navarre,

"Shame to him who quits this spot!"

What more the Admiral would have said, still pointing to the secret way, I know not, for at this moment the door yielded, opened, and I saw the bolt that fell. But that first knave that entered went no farther; our Swiss broke his casque in twain with a blow from one of the heavy iron andirons he had snatched up from the chimney-place. The wretch fell, blaspheming God.

"Fly!" repeated our master, for the last time.

Alas! we obeyed him;* and here, sore-heart-

* "All fled, saving the interpreter of the German tongue, and gained the roof of the house."—JEAN DE SERRE.

"There remained but Nicolas Mousche, the interpreter, who would not fly, though his master entreated him."—D'AUBIGNÉ.

"All who were in the chamber, except a faithful servi-

ed, I do acknowledge again my cowardice. But perchance he is not so guilty who, having done a soldier's duty, thinks of his own paltry life at the last, when all resistance is over and death at hand assailing him on every side.

It hath been told me that Cornaton* followed the others to the upper chambers. I know not; I never saw him more. I fled down the little secret stair leading past the servitors' rooms to the court-yard below. All was empty. I ran to the stables, thence to a little chamber in the eaves, where poor Yolet was wont to couch; his prayer-book lay still open on his pillow. The remaining guard of Navarre had followed me all this while without a word, for, knowing nought of the private inner windings

tor, Nicolas Muss, interpreter for the German language, sought the upper part of the house."—*État de France*.

* "The ensign, Cornaton, happily escaped the massacre, and took a valiant part in the fourth and fifth civil war; but five years after the Saint-Bartholomew he was, with several other Huguenot captains, taken prisoner in a sortie from Montpellier.

"They were brought before the Maréchal d'Auville, who ordered them to be served with food; while they were eating, his prévôt took them from table to the stable-yard, and hanged them there, all five, notwithstanding the opposition of the nobles who were present."—D'AUBIGNÉ.

of the house, this pitiful, forlorn soldier had taken me for guide and marched resolutely at my heels. On a sudden he grasped at my arm, crying, yet softly, in his Swiss patois,

“Bei Gott! they sound the tocsin, mein Herr!”

And, lo! as he said, the bells began to peal in Saint-Germain de l’Auxerrois, and throughout all the quarter a tumult, as of a camisade,* began. Well knew I by the sound that God would put us terribly to proof that night, and that safety could no more be had on that side of the city where all was put to pillage.

“On, on!” I said to my Navarrais, showing him an alley-way beside a stable which opened on the utmost part of the hotel of the dowager, Madame de Condé.† Through this strait passage we slipped, and found ourselves in a small close—appertaining to some joiner whose shop opened on the Rue de Béthisy, as I made shift to discover by the wandering flicker of a torch which some one in the street bore rapidly by.

While we yet stood there, our ears con-

* Nocturnal attack, in which the assailants were used to wear their shirts above their harness, that they might distinguish each other in the darkness.

† Françoise d’Alençon, daughter of François d’Orléans, and widow of Louis, Prince de Condé, assassinated three years previously.

founded by the outcries, the tocsin, the volleys of arquebus, and sorely troubled to decide if 'twere best to bide in that hiding-place or to betake ourselves to flight, we heard a cautious "Pst, pst!" and looking up, whence the sound came, I saw—for the night was thick with stars*—one head and then another thrust forth from a casement above us.

"Who goes there?" the voice asked.

"Châtillon."

"But the other?"

"Navarre."

"Is it thou, Nicklauss?"

"Yes, my lord; and are you not M. de Mergey?"

All this was most swiftly spoken and in undertones.

"Now God be praised!" said the cavalier whom I had recognized speaking to the other gentleman. "Here is the Admiral's reître; we may trust ourselves to this worthy fellow. Here! Nicklauss, good friend. Quick! find me somewhat by which we may get down."

* "On those days (Sunday and Monday) the weather at Paris was most clear and beautiful, insomuch that the king, looking forth from the windows of the Louvre, said that the weather rejoiced over the slaying of the Huguenots."
—*Le Reveil-Matin des François.*

It was indeed the captain, Mergey,* of La Rochefoucault's troop, who spoke thus to me, and I knew the brave soldier by his voice, having heard it oft when he came to pay his court to my master. Looking about me then, I beheld in a corner an old rafter, which we hastily set up on end beneath the window, and by this means, hazardous enow for so goodly a paunch† as the captain's, he and his comrade alighted beside us without too great discomfiture. He who came second declared himself to be Saint-Chamont the younger, and indeed 'twas but a lad as I could see. And as for the Swiss, whose name you may be fain to know, he was called Hans Frölich, from Hasliberg, in the canton of Berne, as he told me after-

* "Chamont and I retired to our lodging, which had been assigned to us by Rambouillet, and which was near by that of M. l'Amiral. The chamber wherein we were belonged to a great house, where lodged the attendants of Madame la Princesse de Condé, and was hired to a joiner. . . . I looked from the window into the courtyard, and beheld there two men, greatly amazed; and recognizing one of them, I prayed him to put up against my window an old beam which chanced to lie upon the ground, and so I slid to earth. Chamont did also descend," etc.—*Memoirs of the Sieur de Mergey*.

† *Godemard*: *ventru*. Cotgrave says, "A sound made or word cast out at a feast, whereby the guests are warned to forbear eating for a certain time."

wards ; for ye well may deem that at that hour not many words were exchanged betwixt us.

“ And now, captain,” I asked, “ whither shall we turn ? ”

“ Truly, that is the question,” he answered. “ God have us in guard ! But great heart for great peril ! Let us look for the door ; there may be a garden or an orchard hard by.”

But Frölich had already found out the entrance, and we went very hastily through one garden and another, tearing down the palings or scrambling over the walls enclosing them, till at last we found ourselves, I know not how, in the Rue Tire-chappe, at the corner of the passage which leads to the Rue des Bourdonnais. I was fain to go that way and to haste to the Lion Noir, thinking that Teligny and Madame Louise might stand sore in need were they still at that lodgment, where also had been placed divers others of our friends. But that we should reach that spot was not to be hoped for, said the captain, who on his part also desired passionately to go to the aid of M. de la Rochefoucault,* his master. On t’other

* La Rochefoucault, whose agreeable manners had endeared him to Henri II., and also to Charles IX.; was the first to be slain after the Admiral.”—MÉZERAY.

“ Having opened to La Barge, and beholding masked

side, Saint-Chamont urged us to betake ourselves to the Rue Saint-Martin, where lodged the son of Foucault; and my Swiss declared without more ado that he would seek refuge with his sister, who dwelt in the Rue Saint-Jacques. To the right hand finally we went. Some "hares-in-armor,"* guarding the chains, called out to us, "Who goes there?" a bravado which we answered not, knowing full well what quarrel they had with us. Hereupon one of these valiant soldiers of Saint-Denis snapped pistol at us, turning away his face the while.

"Ha! Have at them then!" said Mergey, who asked nothing better than to handle weapon; "'tis but a dozen scurvy knaves. *À la gaillarde!*"

We followed him. And albeit that the captain alone had corslet and sword, for we others had but cutlass in hand, and Frölich his short Swiss whinyard, merrily did that shop-keep-

men, he took it at first to be some sport of the king; but he was stabbed by Raymond, the brother of Chicot."—D'AUBIGNÉ.

* *Lièvres cuirassés.* A contemptuous designation of the citizens who bore arms.

"So do some Authors term poor Artisans that watch," says Cotgrave.

ing pack flee before us; and while they yet bayed upon our traces, like hounds uncoupled in full cry, we went apace through the Rue des Mauvaises-Paroles and the Rue des Lavandières, where I first beheld a dwelling forced open, and a poor wounded wretch thrown thence into the street, as one might fling foul rubbish from garret window to kennel.

“Rue Serpente!” said Mergey. “To the Rue Saint-Denis, friends.”

“To what end, monsieur? ’Tis to throw ourselves into the thick of danger,” said I. “The whole populace is aroused.”

“Leave it to me, good friend, Nicklauss,” quoth he. “By God’s truth! I know a fair damsel there who will do you all good service for love of me. Courage, and forward!”

But, ah! ’twas nigh being the end of us all that we fared that way, for in the Rue Saint-Denis, where ’twas well known that certain good merchants of the Religion dwelt, the spoilers and assassins were already at their work. From a score of houses came cries for help, pistol-shots cracked here and there, and for a last calamity the dawn began to break. How were we to adventure ourselves, flying thus in haste, bareheaded and in doublet, without being recognized by that enraged multi-

tude to whom, 'twas clearly to be seen, all we of the Religion were marked for prey ?

Sooth to say, they who came first to our sight were in such hot haste after pillage of fair houses that they let us pass by them, nor sought in any wise to stay us. Nigh the "Bon Pasteur" a dwelling was forced open as we fled by ; farther on, at the corner of the Rue des Lombards, one all bleeding was defending himself, with but his rapier, against six or eight villains who had set upon him with swords and halberds. "Navarre !" cried out the man, seeing us holding on our course ; whether he knew the royal livery which Frölich wore, or the white scarf of M. de Mergey, I wot not. Whereon the latter, with an oath, cried, "Hold ! 'tis a comrade. Stand to it, friend ! we are with you." But too late ; he fell even as we gave charge to those cut-throat traitors, who thereupon, crying, "Alarum ! alarum !" turned to fly. Yet not all gained their hole of hiding, one being detained by a goodly thrust below the gorget from one of ours. So this cur rolled dead beside the poor wounded gentleman who was rendering up his soul.

"'Tis Guerchy,"* quoth our captain, coming

* "Antoine Marafin, Sieur de Guerchy in Burgundy, a

close and taking him by the hand. “By my soul, it grieves me ; ’tis one true heart the less.”

“Mergey,” said the other, raising his head a little, “they wear an armlet, or white band, to distinguish them ; take heed — God be your guard.”

’Twas broad day when we gained the Rue de la Vieille-Monnaie ; the bell of the palace still rang furiously the matins of this fête, and the air was full of frantic hoots and cries. Needs must we hide or perish, methought, and as I demanded plainly of M. de Mergey what might be the sign of the dwelling of his fair damsel, that scapegrace lover made answer that the heat of our scuffle in the Rue des Lombards had driven it altogether from his memory. “But it matters not,” he said, “we will demand shelter from Porenteau,* who should lodge somewhere hereabouts, if I do remember ; and be sure this worthy will not say nay, well knowing that his wife is ever of my mind.” And added that he was short of breath, not being used to run thus as a hare, and that

valiant gentleman, having his rapier in his hand, and his cloak wound about his arm, . . . did what man might do to save his life, but was at last overcome by sword-thrusts.”

—*État de France.*

* Porenteau, secretary of the late Prince Louis de Condé.

needs must he walk awhile. Well was this agreed on, for the young Saint-Chamont had fallen behind, and now coming up with us, we beheld his doublet all bestained with blood.

"What is this!" Mergey said, with a troubled air; "art wounded, child?"

"'Tis nought," replied the poor boy, whose blood flowed still as he spake; "let us go on."

But with the words the brave youngster fell aswoon, having doubtless received some ugly sword-thrust in disentangling himself from those varlets in the Rue des Lombards. We were fain to support him, and then to lift him in our arms, while the captain ran onward to the door of the house where Porenteau was. And there, at last, grace of entrance was accorded us, when M. de Mergey had made himself known, crying his name through the judas.

But he crows not who is yet in the wood, and truly we housed here shortly enow, so pitiless were the folk within made by that same fear which fell on Simon Peter before Caiaphas, making him thrice deny his Master. With clasped hands they prayed our captain to choose asylum elsewhere, lest they should be exposed to share his peril. Nevertheless, it must be said that the Dame Porenteau showed herself more compassionate than her husband,

and did at last consent, for love of the captain, that the wounded boy should stay behind, with promise to keep him hidden while this wind of tempest blew. Thereupon we laid Chamont on a mattress in a lower chamber, and so left him; and M. de Mergey embraced him most like a father, being very tender of heart, although seeming it not. He told us, weeping, that he had trained the youth to arms, and had but short time since transferred him from his own household to be page to M. de la Rochefoucault. Touching us remaining, the Dame Porenteau cut crosses and tore up the white scarf of M. de Mergey for us, of the which we made ourselves armlets: for, alack!—see what sore need will do—we took the accursed badge of the assassins, at thought of which my cheeks do still grow red. Yet without it how durst we adventure ourselves in the city? Frölich was accoutréed, for his part, in some old tags of livery, leaving here behind his good colors of Navarre, whereat he flouted much, saying 'twas at variance with the oath he had sworn, and hardly would consent thereto. So then did we quit this lodging where refuge was none, and all three betook ourselves again to flight. And thus we went like dry leaves carried onwards before the storm, and seeking

the impossible; I mean, for an assured abiding-place in that great city, where now hell was opened, and all the furies were unchained.*

From the cloister Saint-Méry we entered the Rue de la Bretonnerie by a filthy small passage, thence to the Rue des Puits, where I was well-nigh o'ertaken by the shot of an arquebus which struck down an old man just before me, fleeing in his night-gear with an infant in his arms. A little farther we passed the house of the Guillemins,† and so attained the Rue Vieille-du-Temple, where a frenzied multitude—even women and young children—ran hither and thither, howling as 'twere a pack of bandogs after the Huguenots, who issued, half-clad and unarmed, from houses whose doors (as we could now observe) had been marked with white chalk by the captains of the quarters and other leaders of this detestable complot. I said to my companions that it were wiser to turn towards Saint-Gervais, the streets here being too strait to defend ourselves to good

* "Porentau and his wife, dwelling in the Rue de la Vieille-Monnaie, were massacred together, the wife upon her husband's corpse."—*Etat de France*.

† An order of hermits instituted by Guillaume, Due de Guienne; called also *Blancs-Manteaux*.

purpose, if, as was to be feared, we should end by being recognized of these cut-throats.

As we emerged on the Place de l'Orme, five or six devils incarnate were dragging a man in the kennel. 'Twas the host of "La Marguerite," and ye could have seen three babes who clung to the garments of the dying man bewailing themselves most piteously, but in vain, for nothing could move those blood-thirsty beasts.

"Have at them!" cried Mergey, and we attacked them furiously, but they held not a moment against us. Away they ran crying lustily alarum, and letting go that poor wretch, on whom a neighbor, methinks, did have some pity.

Howbeit, Frölich had caught up a marelín* abandoned on that spot (for these last assassins were butchers, doubtless, and of the bands of Tachon, Pezou, Croizet, and other thievish varlets); and a good weapon is the marelín, above all in the hands of a lusty fellow like our Swiss. By this, my cutlass was breached and dulled on harness, and availed no more than a penknife against an armed† man, but

* An iron club used for the slaughter of cattle.

† "Armed" signified defensive armor at that time; the corslet, gorget, breast-plate, coat-of-mail, the "secret,"

what was to do? He hath enough who hath content, the proverb saith.

“Ha!” the captain cried, as the tiles began to rain on us like so many hailstones, “quick, to the Port-au-Foin, friends. Perchance we may yet pass the Pont Notre-Dame.”

Lord God, what a tempest was that! Me-thinks I hear, e'en yet, the roars and shriekings of that multitude hastening to the Seine to watch the dead float by, while others rushed raging on to cross the bridge, and seek new pillage in the quarter of the Cité. Heart failed us to go farther; we turned aside from that foul throng by La Mortellerie, which, as good-luck would have it, was deserted quite; thence we issued on the Place de Grève, where the folk pressed with much tumult about the great pillory,* wherein we could see the cage turning as for a rogue's punishment. It hath been said that the knaves had shut in this in-

and the morion, or close casque; “*armé des hautes pièces*,” was said of one completely equipped.

* “A wooden cage, painted red, in the Place de Grève, the market of Saint-Germain, and at other points in Paris, served to expose criminals and also debtors. It was eight-sided and turned upon a pivot, and the condemned were made to pass their heads through holes pierced in the sides, which was called, ‘*faire la moue aux harengères*.’”—COR-
GRAVE.

famous engine M. le More, and Desgoris, the minister, of whom they wished to take their villain sport before they should end the martyrdom by casting those twain into the river.

When we had reached the Rue de la Vannerie—for needs must we retreat again before the howling pack, and return upon our steps—I said to Mergey that there might be asylum for us with the host of the “Belle Image,” where dwelt then Charpentier, a minister, with whom I had slender acquaintance. But the captain would hear nought on ‘t. “Out upon thy Charpentier!” said he; “ ‘tis a great traitor that hath denied the Religion before now, good Huguenot though he may feign himself to Cavaigne, to Briquemaut, or to thy master the Admiral.* ’Tis a Judas and a turn-coat, and will sell us all do we trust to him. I am

* Pierre Carpentier, of Toulouse, was in fact one of the Queen-Mother’s spies, if his contemporaries are to be trusted. This pretended defender of the Cause pleaded the affairs of the Huguenots in the Privy Council, an employment which brought him into relations with a vast number of persons of every condition, and opened a wide field for espionage. Having been worsted in a literary discussion on Cicero and Quintilian by Ramus, Regent of the College of Presle, Carpentier caused him to be assassinated on the third day of the massacre. This wretch died in 1612, despised by honest men of every party, and forgotten and neglected by those he had served.

of mind we should be quickly strangled in those walls, good Nicklauss. Nay! Ten thousand devils tear him! thither go I not;" and on my asking him if 'twas his purpose to take us in direction of the Louvre. "Merrily forward!" he made answer, "God will provide," for these gay swashbucklers, who love the thick of battle, are ever full of hardihood. "My cousin and good comrade, M. Taverny, Lieutenant of the *Prévôt* of Paris, is in that quarter; let us to him and be assured that the brave fellow will give good welcome to the company when he knows me among it."

But Frölich avowed he had all desire in the world to seek the university, being fain to put all to risk that he might find out his young sister, Mariotte, whose sole defender he was. But the captain said "Nay!" with a great oath; "we cannot part company here," caring no whit more for Mariotte than for his old hosen. "Forward! and dagger in fist. Brave men make the stronghold."

'Twas thus we were forced to speed from the *Hôtel-de-Ville* to the *Grand Châtelet*; but as the populace waxed ever wilder and more furious, like a tiger that hath tasted blood, God knoweth in what dire danger we were on that side of the river, where, since the first hour of

the day, so many poor martyrs had been haled along, stabbed, stripped, and cast into the water, that the kennels ran with blood, and one could not go six paces without beholding corpses strangely marred. In sooth the horrors may not be described that met our eyes on all sides, and made us, as it were, insensible to the peril we stood in of being recognized in the fray. For myself I do bethink me I was well-nigh asleep when Mergey directed our course into the Rue Saint-Leufroy, for I remember nought there, save that we saw going hastily by us a certain damsel of fair seeming, garbed as a nun, and fleeing at random towards the Porte des Sergents. “Aga!”* there cried to us from a window a toothless hag with locks streaming to the wind—“Aga! see the red slippers! Kill! kill! my lads” (for the old beldame, deceived by our armlets, deemed us companions of some band). “She is coming from the sermon—la Cause! la Cause!” “Sdeath! with what pleasure would I strangle thee, vile hag,” muttered Mergey, pressing forward without lifting his head, and we turned from that street to gain the lodging of M. de Taverny by a little filthy passage be-

“Aga!” Diminutive of “regarde!” an interjection much in use at that time.

tween the neighboring houses ; and only after the massacres was it, as ye shall hear, that I knew the name of that poor demoiselle whom we had met hasting to her doom, alas ! like so many other martyrs.*

But let me to my own story and follow the thread on my own spindle, for I love not to run thus from one subject to another. We had thought to be in surety when we should see the lieutenant Taverny's house before us, but, lo ! all was closed, every window was estopped with mattresses and pallets, and the issues all secured as in a place awaiting assault, nor did any one appear at the judas though we knocked lustily with the clapper.

“Taverny ! open to me !” cried the captain, gnawing at his fingers with impatience ; and the people of the household still coming not, he called again—methought most rashly—“Open ! to the ensign of La Rochefoucault !”

On this the door was half opened by an old serving-man who held a pistol before him, fear-

* “The demoiselle D'Yverin, Madeleine Brissonet, fled in the habit of a nun, but was betrayed by her slippers of cramoisie. Her life was promised her if she would but renounce the new religion ; on her refusal was she stabbed and cast into the river, and as the stream upheld her for a while, the folk ran from all sides to overbear her with blows from stock and stone.”—D'AUBIGNÉ.

ing a misadventure, and with face of one sent on a forlorn-hope. Then M. Taverny, being summoned by this quaking varlet, came to Mergey, to whom he gave welcome with a great smack, after the French fashion. And on learning who we were—Frölich and I—this officer made us welcome also, and we all presently repaired with him to his privy chamber, when he told us that we had arrived in nick of time, that he was alone, being attended only by one serving-man very worn with age, and that he had been in sore perplexity, having with him both wife and sister, the latter ill in a remote chamber. In fine, he added blithely enow that great had been his need of comrades such as we, bold to defend ourselves, or at worst to sell our lives dearly to them who should come a-bargaining.

“Let us see your weapons, my cousin,” demanded the captain, eager, like a true mousquetaire, to begin the game of arquebus or petronel; and as Taverny discovered to us his store of ammunition, and his muskets all loaded and leaning against the wall,

“’Sdeath!” cried our Champenois; “leave it to us, cousin, and history shall hear on ’t! Faith of De Mergey! we can hold out here against the regiment of the guards.”

But the lieutenant replied frankly to him that, being a royal officer, he had fair hopes to be relieved of his distress in an hour or two by the soldiers of the Louvre. Howbeit we, who had seen in what state the city was, knew full well how much faith was to be put in good-will of King or council. Yet Mergey said no word to dishearten this true man, but by the look he cast at me I perceived his thought, and saw that needs must we now stoutly prepare for death.

Now they of the watch who were gathered at the Grand-Châtelet had seen that we passed within the portal of the Tête-Noire, and ere long we heard cries of the halberdiers summoning us to open or they would beat down the doors, and claiming, also, whatever booty was within. One, who feigned to be corporal of the Guards, calling upon the lieutenant, averred that he had come on service of the King and must deliver to him a pressing message. Taverny, thereupon, did open an ostevent,* saying to us to excuse this imprudence, that he was forced thereto by duty of his of-

* “*Ostevent.* A porch contrived or set up before a door, or a piece of cloth hung, to keep off the wind.” — CORGRAVE.

fice, but was straightway welcomed by a pistol, whose powder scorched his face, and whose lead struck the wall behind him. "Alarum!" he cried to us, flinging himself backward, and furious at the villainy of this surprise; and at the word Mergey opened fire with an arquebus. Then might ye have heard a mighty uproar; cries of "Taverny! kill! kill! Upon them! à la Cause!" and stones fell thick on windows and on roof. In a word, we had about our ears the whole swarm of thieves, deserters, butchers, and scoundrels of the quarters of L'Ecorcherie and La Saunerie. Truly the knaves, being armed but ill, did keep themselves at the first at some distance, but after a time, gathering courage, they assailed our door with blow of marelins and crowbars, staves and axes, while some of the pack helped themselves to a huge gad to burst the planks withal that kept them still at bay. Ye may believe that we set to work in good earnest to salute them with pistol and arquebus from the windows of the upper story, wherein we had pierced loopholes and barbecans* for the nonce. Every shot hit home in that throng of savage beasts,

* The French use this word for an aperture in a wall, to let in or drain off water.

in such sort that, raging and shrieking vengeance, they gave way, leaving their dead behind, yet did shortly return, somewhat emboldened, and began to fling flaming torches and brands of pitch upon our eaves, and to stone the old dwelling with such frantic force that the tiles tumbled, and, within, wood and iron did bend and quiver beneath the storm of shot and stone.

This endured while we had supply of powder and lead, and for an hour or twain (one measures not by the dial in days like these) I might avow that we had match at touch-hole continually, when sudden—mark the device!—I beheld my Swiss, whose powder was first spent, tear from the wall a stone basin, which ye could scarce have lifted, and hurl it gallantly on the heads of a score of the varlets who were in act of raising a ladder at the house's foot. “We, too, must take to house-breaking, my lads!” said Mergey, and with that we began to rain upon those villains pots, andirons, chimney-jambs, pincers, and gratings; then casks, settles, coffers, and even to the bedposts; each of us making foul havoc of household stuff.

“Stand firm!” said to us quietly the master of the dwelling now and then, like a sergeant

at a ravelin, "the dogs will lose heart and we shall have succor from the Marshals or the Guards." But at the moment—alack the mischance!—we did begin to taste the scent of burnt pitch, and a fine shout of triumph rose from those without. Thereon the aged servitor, having mounted to the garret, we beheld him quickly descending again in all haste, with garments scorched and hands blackened and hair that bristled with affright. The rafters were ablaze.

"By my soul! 'tis from frying-pan to fire!" I thought, yet would not let my thoughts be known, though I perceived that my companions also judged all further effort fruitless. 'Twas M. Taverny said the first word. "Enough, good friends. Here hath come the great Needs-Must for mine and me, for of a surety will I not abandon those poor women God hath given to my care. I go to seek them in their chamber; but you who may yet have fortune of your lives, flee while 'tis time." So saying, the brave lieutenant opened a secret panel in the press wherein his arms were hanging, and disclosed to us a narrow winding stair. "Mount to the turret; ye may gain the neighboring roof from thence, and contrive a hiding-place in the hay-mow which is above the stables.

And so, God speed!" But the old servitor, falling on 's knees before his lord, vowed he would await death beside him whom he had served from his birth, and our host raised him and kissed him, speaking not. Mergey strove to stay also, but the lieutenant forbade him, and while they were yet disputing this point of honor the commune, raging in triumph, burst in the outer door. We threw ourselves, Frölich and I, into the closet, whither Mergey followed us of his own will or by force, being thrust within by Taverny, who closed the panel very hastily. And then needs must we get with speed up that narrow stair to the turret, where the smoke rolled now in thick volumes. Therefore I aided not the brave lieutenant Taverny when he stood last at bay, of which, forsooth, history hath told ;* but if ye who hearken to

* "The lieutenant of the maréchaussée" (a mounted body to which the name gendarmerie was given at the beginning of the Revolution), "one Taverny, having fought all day and being spent and without more powder, . . . the King was wroth that this head was not fetched to him. Whereon all the soldiers of the Guard were despatched thither, who, armed as if for an assault, forced the house, whose doors and windows were already open. Taverny, hoping for no mercy, defended himself with his sword to his last breath. . . . Having slain him and taken possession of his jewels and precious things, the soldiers took

me with mouths agape, deem that we should have waited for our end there with him in that desperate pass, I think not so! For every one doth cling to life, even the most hardy soldier, and in such storm and tempest as we then endured the slenderest hope is dearer than a glorious death. There; I have said my say on't; and I do leave the rest to the *savantes*, whose only business it is to besmirch fair paper with rodomontados in the Spanish fashion. Briefly—for I know not how to tell it other than it happed—after having battled lustily a long time, we all three betook ourselves again to flight.

Frölich, mounting first that dark, narrow stair whereon we had set foot, struck his head rudely enough against an iron door, which opened in part thereupon, so hard-headed are the good folk of Berne. We passed through this trap-door and sought shelter under the tiles as choughs and howlets do, and for some quarter-hour we abided there, hesitating whether we should adventure ourselves upon the roof in

the demoiselle, his sister, who lay ill in bed, and dragged her naked through the street, insomuch that she yielded up her life in their hands. His wife was found upon her knees, praying, and having first received some sword-thrusts, was cast into prison."—*Etat de France*.

full day, or wait till darkness for it, for we were well assured that, were we perceived, the balls would whistle round us ere we could go far. Nevertheless, the uproar which re-echoed through halls and chambers below showed us that the unhappy dwelling was put to sack, and we durst remain no longer. To chance, then, must we submit all; Frölich and I broke the window by help of our marelins, and I let myself down first, the Swiss after me, and then M. Mergey, who, in truth, could hardly compass it, creeping on 's knees and swearing 'twas a game pleased him but ill. Sooth to say, 'twas a very miracle of God that no assassin beheld us thus advancing, but they were busied with their pillage, and even in quarrel with the archers of the Guard over the spoils, so that they had forgot to give chase to us poor hunted creatures. 'Twas no light matter to pass from these parlous heights to the haymow whereof our host had spoken, climbing and scrambling as we could, but we came to it at last, sith there is no spur like need, and now, for some hours had we the good-fortune to rest unperturbed in that poor shelter, not yet tracked by the bloodhounds that bayed about us. God be praised! God's power be glorified! I thought, which hath provided for us

this place of refuge. Howbeit, we kept ever sinking deeper in the hay where we lay hid, and at last Frölich, with a sudden great stirring, called out that he could not breathe, and anon disappeared wholly, opening for us also an unwilling passage ; for whether we would or no, we followed after him, having slipped, as I do suppose, through some rotten plank which could bear our weight no longer.

When we were again upon our feet after the dizziness of that sudden fall, I perceived that the place wherein we were was not the stable, as we had believed, but a cooper's shop, being full of huge trunks, staves, and tubs, all manner of coopers' tools. But the craftsman with whom we had thus alighted without assignation—would he return ? and would his humor be to give us asylum or to render us up ? But “God keep the moon from wolves !”* quoth Mergey, “ ’tis Sunday, and the bells do peal right gayly for this fête ; the coopers of Le Châtelet are at the wine-shops,† if haply they

* “An ironical answer unto those braggarts which threaten greater plagues than they are able to inflict,” says Cotgrave, and used to signify needless fears.

† *Guinguettes*—from *ginguet*, sour wine ; a name first given in the year 1555, which was extraordinarily cold and moist, so that the grapes could not ripen.

be not at the devotions of the fray and the spoiling. I am of mind that the cooper will have little to do with his casks for the nonce." These words calmed us, and we resolved to abide there quietly and to await the night, which, methought, never would return after such day.

How long we tarried thus—giving ear to every stir and hearkening to the doleful sounds that ever and anon came from the streets—I know not; but it was twilight when some from the shambles entered the stables adjoining our retreat and took thence the mule that had appertained to poor M. Taverny. Next did the knaves mount to the very rack whence we had so sudden slipped, and lo! what had become of us had we remained in that, our first hiding, for they began to thrust it through, as we could hear, with swords and staves. Thereupon did I give thanks to Him who had so shielded us, and I bethought me of Solomon, how he said, "My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of His correction."

The night had fallen when we quitted our refuge—'twas but withdrawing a bolt, for the door opened from within—and found ourselves in the Rue de la Grande-Joillerie, and here

Frölich turned to the right hand, determined now to pass over the bridges, if, perchance, at hazard of his life. I was fain to try that fortune also, and so to gain, if it might be, the highway to Orleans. But Mergey was minded otherwise, being wholly bent on rejoining the sire and son La Rochefoucault ; and, as the saying goes, no other meat would feed him.* Nought would he leave untried to withdraw the young Marcillac† from this instant peril. And so here we parted from our good captain, whose way lay by the Rue Saint-Honoré.

“Comrades,” Mergey said, and sought within his pouch, “little have I, but you, doubtless, less. Ça ! Share we, then. Reach hither !”

With that he bestowed on us some crowns,‡ averring that he dealt with us for love of God, and that, moreover, should he be stricken down or stabbed, as well might hap, before the mid-

* Literally, “*Il ne henniesait plus après autre avoine.*”

† Marcillac François de la Rochefoucault, eldest son of the Comte de la Rochefoucault and Sylvia Pica della Mandola, his first wife.

‡ *Écu-soleil*; so called from having a star on one side, and valued at that epoch at three livres twelve sous and six deniers, or about eight shillings and ninepence in English money of the same period.

night, small need of coin were his. And therewith that honest gentleman gave us each his hand, and without further discourse departed, walking gallantly, his sword ready to his hand. Truly had any one asked my counsel touching an enterprise so venturous, the whiles we watched, sadly enow, our guide thus disappearing, I had averred that 'twas utmost folly and jeopardy so to wend his way. But what know we of the ways of Him who guides our steps, and directs us when it pleaseth Him, past every let and snare? It hath been told me that Mergey (I have never seen him more) found a refuge that self-same night with one M. de Lausac, Rue Saint-Honoré, nigh to the sign of the Grand Cerf, and this gentleman having power to procure a passport through some servitor of the Guises, our Champenois set forth the day following, well equipped and mounted with twain others—the young Marcillac and Master Lacoste, preceptor to the orphan of that great house of La Rochefoucault. From Paris they who had thus escaped the "Bloody Matins" fled, without drawing rein, into Troye, to the stronghold of La Rochefoucault. Nor know I more of M. Mergey, to whom may God give all fortune and blessing if he be yet alive, albeit he may well have

died, since at that time he touched his fortieth year.*

And now behold us alone together—Frölich and I—and knowing, one no better than the other, the ways in that vast city. Moreover, we were very weak with hunger, for many hours had passed since we had tasted food; and if ye who piously take four meals every day, besides the voidee-cup, do feel amaze that we could think on eating in such extremity, I would have ye to know that hunger is a master whose yoke no man may long endure, and who pricks us to brave death itself, so that one would e'en snatch at a morsel from hands plague-stricken or leprous. But to linger in that place were madness; all the houses were closed and made fast, and, as I knew afterwards, there had been proclamation,† with sound of trumpet by order of the King, that all persons should withdraw themselves into their dwellings, and, being housed, should not

* "Contented am I to have faithfully served my masters; and so an end. Done the third of September, 1613, and in the seventy-seventh year of my age, at Saint-Armand, in Angoumois."—*Memoirs of Jean de Mergey* (Collection Petitot, vol. xxxiv.).

† *Ban*, or *bandon*, publication; whence bandit, a man proclaimed by public cry.

issue forth under pain of hanging. So it was the city seemed as if asleep—alas ! what semblance of repose, and after what toil of day !—but the cries we yet heard in the direction of the Pont-aux-Meuniers gave us to know that the slayers had not left their work upon the river's bank.

“Forward once more !” I said to my companion ; ‘twill be time enow to think on meat when we have passed the isle.”

So we fared boldly on, and, by our good hap, the citizens of the watch who held the chains at the entry of the Pont-au-Change had betaken themselves to the river's side to have their share in the spoiling of those poor victims whose bodies the flood bore onward to Chaillot. Could aught have now amazed us it had been the single living creature that we beheld upon the bridge: a man naked as he was born, and already well in years. This wretch, who came forth from the river, as it did seem, drew near to us trembling and lamenting, and with teeth that clacked together ; and when I signified to him, in low tone, that he had nought to fear from us who were also of the persecuted, he told us how he had escaped by swimming, and had clambered up upon the great beams of the bridge, against which the

swift current had cast him up. I queried of him what he had in mind to do? and if he knew no one who might succor him in this plight? He made answer that he would go presently to Saint-Catherine's Close*—but long the way was thither—where his wife had fled before him, and where he hoped to find a place of surety. And in speaking he quitted us, more strangely stripped than ever yet passer saw in Paris, and I know not what further befell him, nor what his fate.†

And now, since occasion serves, I will confess me that in my extremity of peril I thought not much on any suffering of my fellows, and so it was through those endless hours of dismay and riot unbridled. When we had safely passed over the Pont-au-Change, I was minded to go straight onward by Saint-Bartholomé and La Barillerie, but an unwonted gleaming of torches and some rattle of partisans before

* *Couture.* Culture, garden.

† "A joiner, dwelling in the Rue des Prouvelles, being thrown into the river, saved himself by swimming, and came, stark naked, to the Close Sainte-Catherine, whither his wife had fled to a kinswoman. But, instead of welcoming him, his wife denied him, nor would receive him thus naked, so that the poor man, knowing nowhither to flee, and day coming while he was in this condition, was soon retaken and drowned."—*Etat de France*.

the Palais gave us mistrust, and I conjectured that we might come headlong upon a guard of citizens. To the left hand, then, we turned into the Vieille - Pelleterie—and was never street more filthy or ill-savored—then into another passage whose name I wot not, if 'twas not the Rue Lanterne; and, because we were now without guide or knowledge of the turnings, I may not say through what by-places and blind corners we fared for the space of an hour or more, stumbling ever and anon in the darkness before some poor abandoned corpse, till at last we stayed and sat down upon a bench of stone before a dwelling of mean appearance, like folk that know not whither God will direct the way.

I know not if we were half waking or wholly sleeping for very weariness, when a mild voice spoke at our side,

“Seek ye refuge here, comrades? Up! away! the place is curst. Ye have chosen ill.”

He who spoke thus and, stooping, shook us by the arm was a man of low stature, come forth, as we might guess, from some neighbouring house, clad in a black jerkin, and his head covered with a huge bonnet of geier-skin. And being erect, I perceived how he had in one hand

a cresset light which he cast sharply on our faces, while in the other was his halberd, held in guard. "Haste, haste!" quoth he, seeing that we stared amazed, and would not quit the bench of stone; then, turning his light upon the door against which our backs were set, he discovered to us, without further parleying, the ensign of the pest,* and the panier beside it; and that sight, I warrant me, was enough to get us quickly to our feet and from that doleful place.

"Who are ye?" asked the little man.

I answered him hastily that we were a couple of poor Germans come from Bavaria to study in Paris, where we were scholars resorting unto lectures in the college, and lodging in the Rue Saint-Jacques—for I was 'ware of that street of the University, having been sent of divers errands there to Oudin-Petit, the bookseller. And thereon Frölich added, very piteously, that we were in woful case—good

* Public charity daily placed in a basket, hung for the purpose, food, clothing, and other alms for the unhappy "pestés" kept sequestered and wholly isolated in their lodging. As to the "ensign of the pest," we may suppose it to have been a streamer of some black stuff. The malady was sporadic, and found, in single cases, in all great cities.

sooth it was!—and well-nigh famished, being so long afoot and without food.

“Hum! scholars—’tis possible; but scholars of the Religion! scholars who wait on the pestilent apes of Geneva,”* mumbled the other, betwixt his teeth, “and none other; the scholars of the Quarter Hurepoix† run not loose to-night in the Isle du Palais, if it be not the good-for-noughts who have a hand in the spoiling. Yet come with me, poor souls,” he added, with a change of tone, “whoever ye be, sore is your need.” Thereupon we followed to his house, which was at hand; and truly this was the second citizen of all the merciless breed in Paris whom we saw to have compassion on us poor Huguenots cast out before it. The little man was sworn apothecary and half-approved Catholic, as he made known to us, jesting, yet good almoner and of most charitable purpose. He brought us food forthwith, being the remnants of his own repast, and a great measure

* *Magots de Genève*. An expression used by the Catholics to designate a preacher, as *Colas* was used by the Huguenots to denote a priest.

† *Quartier de Hurepoix*. Thus was the quarter of the University spoken of by many. The county of Hurepoix, which extended as far as Chartres, was here limited by the course of the Seine.

of wine withal,* to stay and victual us. “Better cheer had ye,” quoth he, blithely, “if I knew where to seek the stores of the kitchen, but my wife being absent I know not where to find so much as an egg. But ’twere well for your content that the good dame is not here; she hath gone to carry the *Chemise de Chartres*† to her gossip Colarde, who lies in travail. *Corp Saint-Denis!* she would be fain to strangle ye with her own hands, so loveth she the Church; or, at the least, would she set all the hounds of the quarter on your traces. God receive her in Paradise! ’Tis a most honest dame!”

Hearkening to this discourse, and judging of the ell by the inch, we perceived here was no place for long tarrying; we fell, then, to our victuals like good trencher-men, and ’twas but the twinkling of an eye ere we had swept all before us. The whiles we ate thus our host rehearsed to us the way we should follow, past La Calandre to the Pont Saint-Michel.

“But how shall we pass,” quoth Frölich, “if

* *Gobeau*. We still use its diminutive, goblet.

† *Chemise de Chartres*. A medal blessed by our Lady of Chartres, in great favor at this period to insure safe confinements.

the watch be there yet, or the band of Le Châtellet?"

"Nay, then, say to them," the apothecary made answer, "that ye come from Maître Nicot, lodging in the Rue de la Licorne, over against the Trois-Tarins; well known am I throughout the quarter; and ye may add, at need, that ye go to Maître Pommier, the chafe-wax,* to attend unto his foul impostume. 'Tis agreed: ye shall be my journeymen barbers for the nonce."

Thus instructed then, did we set forth. But first I knelt down piously before our host. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

"Amen!" said Frölich, devoutly clasping his hands and no less moved than I.

"Merry life to you and long, and Paradise at the end, good sir and master, apothecary at the Trois-Tarins!"

"Dieu gard'! † Dieu gard'!" Maître Nicot answered us; methinks that kindly voice doth still ring in my ear. "God helps him who helps himself."

* *Chauffle-cire.* Secretary of the ecclesiastic Court of Chancery, whose office it was to prepare the wax for the seals.

† *Dieu gard'!* "Salutation much in vogue in Paris," says Cotgrave.

He stretched forth his hand to us, which we pressed, weeping, and then this worthy man closed again his door, while we went noiselessly, albeit at great speed, down the Rue de la Calandre.

There was guard at the Saint-Michel, as we did fear; but what guard! a half-score burghers, full of wine, wrangled and clamored about a tabor whereon two be-plumed companions did play at hocke* for a share of the booty, the corporal turning the light of his horn lantern on the game. Too deep they were in play to take heed of watch or round, howbeit one, less drunk than the rest, perceiving us advancing, cried out "Qui-vive!" and on our drawing near demanded of us our safe-conduct. But at name of Maître Nicot of the Trois-Tarins, and Maître Pommier, the chafe-wax, they began to gibe among themselves, saying that the young shaveling priests gave ever work enow to the 'prentice barbers. Furthermore, one uplifting his sword bade us, swaggering, get on our way, if such was our errand, and commended us to a thousand devils. We replied

* *La carte-virade.* "The Dutch card-game called hocke," says Cotgrave.

not to this ceremony of salutation, but going hastily onward and passing these scurvy halberdiers, we presently left behind us the chains of that barrier.

By this hour day had begun to break, and the earliest glimmer of the dawn showed us traces of an hundred vile disorders—shops forced, dwellings voided, here and there dead bodies, and everywhere jumble of household stuff, coffers, broken furniture, tapestries and hangings torn and scattered. Meanwhile bells began to tinkle around about us for the office of the day, for now it might be the hour of tierce,* as the romancers have it, or two or three hours past sunrise, by the folk of Paris vulgarly yclept *l'aube des mouches*. From Saint-Etienne-des-Grez they rang, from the convent of the Jacobins, from Saint-Severin, Saint-Blaise, Saint-Jean-de-Beauvais, and Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre. Howbeit no one yet issued forth from his dwelling, as if the assassins of Saint-Barthélémy, which had kept such holiday, were shamefast to behold by day

* *L'heure de tierce*, according to Cotgrave, “is in summer eight of the clock; in winter ten, being the third hour of the artificial day.” It is not quite easy to reconcile this definition with the Retre’s statement that day had but just dawned.

the traces of what themselves by night had wrought.

Now the Navarrais, who was here guide, had no thought but to seek, as speedily as might be, the young sister whom he made sure of finding at the Plat d'Étain in the Rue Saint-Jacques where that young maid did serve. With him, then, I turned into the Rue Hu-chette, and on my asking him whether or no he knew the place he sought, he told me 'twas a hostelry not far from the Rue Parcheminerie, and that he had been there oft enow since he had come to Paris, sometimes for the pleasure of seeing at her work the little damsel whom he so much loved, sometimes on fête-days, to take her with him to the Pre-aux-Clercs or to the fair of Saint-Laurent.

While we were thus purposed and hastening our steps hitherward, a man did hurriedly pass us by nigh the sign of L'Étoile. Right strangely was he clad—in bloody pourpoint with legs all naked and a villainous old Béarnais capote enwrapping head and shoulders so that 'twas impossible to behold his visage. "By God's sooth, here is either a charcoal-vender or one of the Guards," I said to Frölich; "mayhap 'tis one of your own fellows." Thereat the man of the capote, turning a little his head,

accosted us, and whispered he was fleeing for his life. Then first could I perceive him to be M. de Briquemaut, an aged gentleman whom I had seen often enough at my master's, being one of the familiars of the house. Hastily we besought him to tell us what he knew of our people—we dared not to pronounce the Admiral's name. Alas! all that this good gentleman had to tell us was an hundred-fold worse than ears could endure to hear—Coligny slain, hewn asunder, trailed in the mire, and his poor remains flouted by every cur and knave who had not dared, he living, to lift eyes to his face! Téligny shot, La Rochefoucault poignarded by masked men, La Force pierced in his bed betwixt his two boys,* then Francour dashed

* The younger of these boys—afterwards Marshal of France—only twelve or thirteen years of age—covered himself so adroitly with the bodies of his father and brother that he escaped, counterfeiting death till the following evening. Then hearing some one openly reviling this murderer and calling upon the justice of Heaven to avenge it, he crept from that blood-stained heap and begged of the man he saw—but without saying who he was—to help him to the Arsenal, to Biron, who was a friend of his dead father. He recompensed this good office as it deserved, and afterwards espoused the daughter of Biron, from which marriage came a great and prosperous house.

—MÉZERAY.

from a high window, Loménie strangled, Reuel hunted by the populace and stabbed by his cousin Bussy while crossing over the Seine, and at the Louvre—nay, but well-nigh all they of the Religion, Soubise, Laverdin, Montamar, Piles, Pardaillau, Saint-Martin, Colombier, the Bailly of Orléans, Valavoire, Beaudiné, Du Bois-Geran, Prévôt of the Counétablie, Roueray, Berny, Montalbert—five hundred valiant men and true, at the least reckoning, whose corpses lay heaped before the wickets of the Louvre, as 'twere the king—on whose name they ceased not to call in their last pass—were fain to build him a rampart of all those slain !

“ Whither go you, monsieur ?” I demanded, to break off his discourse, for in truth I quaked to listen.

Briquemaut made answer that he was going to Saint-Nicolas-du-Chardonnet, and hopeful to reach from thence—passing through the close of the Bernardins—the lodgment of the English ambassador, where he thought to find refuge, since he was well known to that lord for having seen him in London with the Queen.

“ God speed it !” I returned to him, yet was I in great doubt as to his fortunes.

“ And ye, whither go ye ?”

“Nigh here, monsieur, in the Rue Saint-Jacques.”

“The Lord go with you, friends,” said Briquemaut, for we were then before Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre and at the parting of our ways. “And, reitre, shouldst thou meet my son hereafter, out of Paris,” and greatly was the goodman* afflicted as he spoke thus, “bid him to do faithful service for the Cause in the fear of God. Thou hearest this my benediction on him and my last farewell.”

I saluted low and sorrowfully, being hardly able to return a “God save you, monsieur!” and so M. de Briquemaut turned to the left hand, going towards Saint-Victor, while we sped hastily ever down the Rue Saint-Jacques.†

* *Bonhomme.* Used then for *vieillard*.

† “Briquemaut, an old man and very subtle, escaping I know not how from his lodgment, fled without being perceived, and having concealed himself among the corpses that lay about in great numbers, was stripped stark naked of his clothing. Night having come while he yet remained in that spot, he clad himself in such old rags as chanced to have been left, and happily repaired to the dwelling of the English ambassador, where, being accosted by one of the servants, he was put to cleaning the horses, and did stay at that work for some days. But being discovered by evil chance he was taken to prison, and thence to the gibbet.”—D’AUBIGNÉ.

This gentleman, one of the most esteemed diplomats

When we attained the corner of the Rue Parcheminerie my Swiss bade me to stay a little, while he should go to seek entrance at the Plat d'Etain, saying he would delay not to return with his sister, saving that he should be slain in that place. Thereon he quitted me, and, being afeared to be seen, I lay down upon a mounting-block over against a house of goodly sort and seeming, but whose face had been stoned in an hundred places and the glass windows miserably shattered, the frames hanging as if the dwelling had suffered assault.

It may have been for a half-hour, or yet more,

of the Cause, in whose service he had several times been despatched to England on business of importance, was implicated together with M. Arnaud de Cavagne in the pretended plot contrived by the Admiral. He languished in prison for two months, then, judgment being passed, he was dragged on a hurdle to the Grève, and hung with his companion in misfortune. The same unjust judgment was passed on the memory of Coligny, whose effigy was tortured and hanged. A mask represented the face fairly well, and, to delight the people of Paris, they put, says a contemporary writer, "his famous mastic-wood toothpick" in the mouth.

"The King would have the King of Navarre behold this spectacle, and he was stationed at a window in the Hôtel-de-Ville with the Queen-Mother, watching it from behind a veil which had been drawn across the opening."—Mézerry.

that I endured this irksome tarrying; long enough the time did seem. The street was deserted, but that a wafer-man began to open his shop at some paces distant from me, and at the same moment a crier of Malvoisie chanced to pass by—such folk are ever first afoot in Paris—carrying sideways his little booth, and a lantern at his stave's end, as custom is.

“Hold, customers! Will ye have aught from me?” he cried, approaching.

Good care had I, ye may bethink ye, to answer not, but feigned to be asleep upon my bench of stone, but the wafer-man said, with an ill jest, he was salt-dry from sleeping, and bade pour out a measure. God he knoweth whether I lent ear while those twain were at their mirth, and full soon did I discover, as the common parlance is, that of this pair the blade fitted the scabbard. The porter of liquors had beheld Spire Niquet, bookbinder of the Rue Judas, burned alive, and grinned to recount the last agony of that poor wretch; the wafer-man had helped at the despoiling of La Perle upon the Pont Notre-Dame, whence had been flung pell-mell the wounded, the dead, and the quick, together into the stream below. And still he grieved to have come but late to this sport,

because in the early hours he had led the citizen watch, commanded by Maître Choquart, to the dwelling of the candle-maker of Saint-Severin.

“A traitor!” quoth he, “who thought to give shelter to the widow of Gastine,* and had done it, i’ faith, if the good Christians of this quarter had not given him a lesson. But patience! nought is finished before its end!” continued this villain spoiler of wafers. “We will not leave, by nightfall, a single one within the parish;” and pointing with his finger to the house whose windows were struck through, “Here is a nest of vipers,” said he, “where

* “The widow of Richard Gastine had taken refuge with a shoemaker, Rue de la Calendre, and had with her a sum of three thousand livres. When he could keep her no longer, she fled to a candlemaker, near Saint-Severin, from whence she sent to fetch the money she had left at the shoemaker’s. He gave it up, but repented that he had done so, and sent to Choquart, a merchant of the place and a most cruel tyrant. Four men of their forty-five entered the house of the candlemaker—Choquart and the shoemaker being two. The poor dame yielded up the money to them; then putting a cloak upon her shoulders, and a hat upon her head, in semblance of a man—for ‘twas forbidden to slay more women—they dragged her to the Pont-aux-Meuniers, stabbed her, and cast her into the river.”—*Etat de France*.

Monsieur our Master* thinks to be in safety ; since yesterday four archers of the *Prévôt* were sent to defend him withal. What guard ! 'Tis *Toute-voie* who commands them ! and the prey is in the toils, and merrily will we lead him to the *Pont-aux-Meuniers*."

With this good matin-song the knave withdrew himself into his workshop, and the crier of *Malvoisie* went on his way towards *Saint-Severin*. As for me, whose hair did stand on end, I made haste to quit this sinister lodging, being, moreover, in exceeding trouble of mind touching my comrade who returned not, and who, methought, had been constrained to abandon me and leave me in this sorry plight. And now was it broad day ; the sun shone gayly on turrets and walls, roof-trees and weather-cocks, and all high places of the quarter, while in the sombre and bemired streets ill-favored folk began to crawl about, keeping ever in the shadow, and housewives opened their shutters, waiting the hour of their household trafficking.†

* *Monsieur notre Maître*. The common appellation of magistrates and doctors of law.

† *Aller à la moutarde*. This popular expression is one of the most curious in use during the sixteenth century. It means all the small daily duties of the housekeeper, and is quite untranslatable.

Even as I stood there irresolute and knowing not where to take counsel, a gossip called from a neighboring casement,

“Heard you the miracle, Crestine?”

“What miracle?” asked another stale and toothless hag.

“*Mananda!*” replied she who had spoken first, “know you nothing of the blessed miracle at the Saints-Innocents? and the great hawthorn, how it burst into flower in the churchyard?”

“*Jésus-Dieu!*” there called from another window a third who was fain to ease her tongue also, “’twas so great a throng that guards were set there. Our curé of Saint-Severin saith that Holy Church rejoiceth thus to see the hacking and hewing of the accursed heretics, and their corpses swinging on the tide.”

“*C'est mon!*”* quoth she who had begun; “and all the blessed nuns go thither to-day with bell and banner, chanting the Gloria.”†

* *C'est mon.* Perhaps for *c'est mon avis*.

† “On Sunday all the town flocked to behold a thorn which had blossomed very suddenly in the cemetery of the Innocents. Companies of priests went thither with beat of drum, proclaiming that the Church did flourish by the death of so many heretics. But those of the Religion

“ Goodsooth, then, thither must I also,” responded she who hight Crestine, and the other, pointing with her finger to the battered house whereunder I was standing,

“ To-day we make an end here too !”

“ Good, good ! and all for the glory of God,” spoke yet another voice, and added, with a snarling laugh, some scurvy jest.

’Twas thus I learned the gospel of the day, for, sooth to say, there was much talk all that Monday in Paris of the miracle of the hawthorn bush—whose secret I do bethink me the shavelings of the parish of the Saints-Innocents knew well enow. “ God ha’ mercy,” thought I, “ that these dames look not on me, for had they suspicion of a Huguenot they would set upon me tooth and nail.”

By good hap just now there came a milk-woman, crying, as their wont is, “ *Tôt le pot, nourrices !* ” and at the sound all the gossips hastened to descend, saying one to another that the Porte Bussy was not closed, since the village folk could enter still. I made ready to depart a-tiptoe when a young serving-maid opened the door before which I stood sentry,

would have it that those flowers bloomed for the innocents slain, not for the slayers of them.”—D’AUBIGNÉ.

as it were, and, putting her head a little forth, she made sign to the milkwoman, who presently came up with provision for the household, and then fared onward again, noisily crying her wares. Meanwhile the serving-damsel would have withdrawn again into the lodgment, holding within her hands her two measures full of foamy milk, and I do confess that at the sight I felt of a sudden a most mighty thirst. Very woful her visage was, and pale, yet pleased me much, showing fair beneath her hood. God knoweth why I took courage to accost her, yet did I so, begging her for charity to give me to drink from her measure, and somewhat complaining of my distress. And at sound of my voice the maiden trembled and did observe me curiously, as seeking recollection in herself of me—yet ne'er had we met, methought—and reached forth her vessel, whereon needs not to ask if I took a most valiant draught; for certes 'tis a sort of madness, the desire to drink when one hath been long time vexed with thirst, and worn with all disquietude of spirit.

When I had finished drinking, I was fain to get on my way and commit myself unto fortune once more, with a “God give you thanks, kind damsels,” when my almoner, who had not

ceased to eye me, said, in a lowered voice and with a sort of doubtfulness, that she deemed my cross and my white badge to be but pretense, and that I had the seeming of a true man. And now, ye who listen, mark the hand of destiny, or better 'twere to say, behold how the hand of the Lord doth guide our way! Sure, 'twas a thing of utter jeopardy in such disordered time to talk with open heart to the first comer; nathless, the gentle sweet regard and pitying voice of her who spoke touched me so near that I refrained not but avowed straightway that I was a poor servitor of M. l'Amiral, hight Nicklaus the Reitre, and for two days had been fleeing for my life, with another German, concerning whom I was now sore troubled. The damsel bade me to follow her, for the folk who were passing began to stare and gird at us holding converse thus; and well content was I to obey, for already I had her in great trust. When we were within the dwelling, and the door closed behind us, my guide, laying aside her vessels of milk, said of a sudden,

“Of a surety I mistake not! Passed you not through the Rue Galande on the evening of the Espousals, at ten of the clock?”

At the word I remembered the voice of one

of the poor abandoned damsels of whom I erst told you. I would have replied, praising God for this encounter, when a white-haired dame came into the antechamber, wearing a kerchief of black velvet, hanging sleeves, and keys pendent from her girdle, after the fashion of good housewives.

“Madame,” the serving-damsel said to her, “here is he of whom I have spoke so much; ‘tis the youth who did us that kindness on the day of the Espousals—your daughter and me.”

“Now God be praised!” quoth the elder dame, and, coming to me, took me by the hand, bemired as I was, and all in tatters. “Sore is our need of an honest man this day, for the house is solitary.”

And while she spoke, I saw how she was pale with fear, and how great was the disorder of that place, where coffers had been overturned and emptied, and all their contents strewn about. Then did I learn that this was the lodging of the president of the Court of Subsidies, M. Delaplace, of whom I oft had heard at my master’s, for ‘twas a gentleman who had handled the treasure of the Cause in the latest civil wars. M. Delaplace desired to speak with me so soon as he knew me to be within, and the more eagerly that he was in

some sort a prisoner, having archers in guard over him since the evening before, as the serving-damsel made known to me. I found the president in his library in an upper story, where he came quickly towards me, demanding news of the turmoil on the other side of Seine. To that questioning I made reply that that tempest of wrath and blood was no mere uprising of the common people, as he deemed it, but a most general slaughter of all of us of the Religion, with neither pity nor mercy for any; and in proof thereof I did discover to him both what myself had seen for thirty hours past and all that M. de Briquemaut had related to us.

“The will of God be done, and blessed be His holy name!” said the president, moved in no wise by such lamentable news. “Thy master, the Admiral, hath given us example of a most Christian death, and, when ‘tis my turn, may I too be wholly resigned to the end.”

Thereupon he told me how at morning of the day before, one calling himself the captain Michel had entered his house, pistol at belt and arquebus on shoulder; how this vile wretch did insolently demand all his money and jewels of price, and for this, quoth ‘a, would give

him safe-conduct to the Louvre. Thereon the president, nothing doubting but that there was a great rising of the people, since a vile good-for-nought dared be so bold, wasted no speech, but did refuse to follow him. On which Michel withdrew, very testy and despiteful, swearing death and fury; howbeit, not long after his discomfiture came the Sieur de Senneçay, Grand Prévôt of the Châtelet, followed by a goodly number of archers, who did also affirm he had been sent to protect M. Delaplace, and to put stop to pillage of his house. Moreover, Senneçay feigned to have command to take the president before the King, to give account of some moneys he had in charge; and when the poor gentleman was fain to avoid this, praying to be left in quiet till the fury of the populace should be abated, the Prévôt had yielded him the point, but unwillingly; hardly could the entreaties and supplications of all the family move him to it. Furthermore, there had been left within the lodgment one Toutevoie, with four hoquetons,* to guard M. Delaplace from insult, 'twas said; rather to make sure that he escaped not, as

* *Hoqueton*. A short coat without sleeves worn by certain of the king's guard, and, by extension, the archer wearing it.

was plain to see. 'Twas the utmost villain of the band, and abandoned himself to all manner of excess.

When M. Delaplace had ended thus his sad discourse, I hazarded to ask him if he had not some trusty friend in the quarter of the University from whom he could seek succor in this instant peril, offering myself to do his bidding, if I might perchance still carry warning to such an one of his pressing need. But he replied that he had already essayed to do this, for at the past midnight, his tormentors being swollen with wine and still at drink, he had stolen forth by a privy way at entreaty of his wife and children. But nowhere could he find refuge; each one timidly refusing, by reason of the certain danger of crossing the King's ban. Moreover, the dwelling of a rich vintner in the Rue Saint-Jacques had been pillaged, this man being accused of harboring some of the Religion. So that all honest folk were much afeared, and now also many papists began to dread the strange excesses of the populace. And thus, knowing full well that he was without help of man, he had returned to his own dwelling, to console and to prepare for death those from whom he was to be parted, alas! but for a moment.

“Our hope is in God alone,” M. Delaplace said, pointing with his finger to the open Bible, from reading of which he had ceased at my entry.

I would have answered him—for 'twas my assurance that God willed not the Christian to lose heart even in this tempest—but that the mistress of the house with her two young sons, and behind them her daughter and son-in-law, the Sieur Desmarests, came in upon us, and put an end to this melancholy converse. Very grievously afflicted were they all; and did embrace, each one, his sire long and silently, save for some short woful exclamation.

“Torment not thyself, *ma mie*,” the president said, tenderly addressing his wife, who had sunk half-swooning at his knee, “and you, my children, cast this burden likewise upon the Lord, to whom I do commend you as you do pray for me. Strengthen each other in faith, and be of good hope when I shall be no longer here, for soon life eternal will unite us all.”

They wept in silence while he thus spoke, and I disposed myself to quit the chamber, and leave these afflicted ones together; but M. Delaplace, observing me, bade me remain, saying also that Fleurie, the serving-damsel,

and Gillet, the valet,* must be summoned, for he had great desire to pray once more with his household about him. And when we were all ranged beside the wall, the president, seated in the midst in his great elbowed chair, read to us first a chapter of the Book of Job, together with that exposition of it which Master John Calvin—whom ye of Geneva know —hath made; then did he lengthily discourse to us concerning the justice and mercy of the Lord, who, like a good father, said he, delights to prove His elect by divers tribulations. He set before our minds that these trials were needful to the Christian; adding that we can suffer nought but at our Father's good pleasure.

Howbeit, I hearkened with but half an ear while the good man discoursed thus for our edification, for already the turmoil of the evening before, and the horrid hue-and-cry of many voices was begun again without, and I read a great inquietude upon the pale faces that did surround me. Yet I will bear witness that the worthy magistrate showed no whit of terror, and ye might have beheld him with as untroubled mien as if he addressed the King and his court in the Blue Room† of the palace

* *Valet.* Called sometimes “*Va-l'y-dire.*”

† The Blue Room—called also *la chambre dorée*—had

from his accustomed chair at the foot of the great crucifix. And thus he was devoutly praying to God and magnifying His name to the noise of those shoutings, while each one of us fell upon 's knees about him.

He had just finished preparing us for the death which was upon us, when the exempt,* Toutevoie, the ruffian I have spoke of, came unto the door, saying with a swaggering air that 'twas enow of such hypocrisies, and that the President Charron was at hand, demanding entrance. When the Demoiselle Desmarests and her husband were presently making ready to go to receive the *Prévôt* of the merchants, as was meet they should do, Charron himself thrust open the door, having his pike† in hand, and clad in coat-of-mail and gilded gorget like one ready for the fray of battle. He went straight to monsieur and madame, assuring them with great appearance of concern that he was come but to serve them, and with the best intention in the world.

been decorated with hangings of blue velvet embroidered with fleurs-de-lys, in 1506. It was the ancient Grand Hall of the Parliament.

* *Exempt.* "Formerly a cavalry officer who commanded in absence of the captain and lieutenants; to-day, officer of police."—LITTRÉ.

† *Brésille.* A light pike used only by captains.

“Save us, good sir, save us!” cried children, servitors, and aged dame at once, pressing close about him.

“By my troth, that mean I to do, God willing,” responded Charron, who, to say sooth, had the air of a true man, “and with regard to the service of the King,” he added, prudently, observing the brigand Toutevoie, whose eyes quitted him not.

Then, at a sign from M. Delaplace, all of us standing by took our departure; the lady and her children into a narrow chamber hard by the library, and we others to the lower part of the dwelling. The exempt still made pretence of abiding at the threshold, and we did endeavor to thrust him forth into the hall; whereon Charron, losing patience by reason of his insolence, bade him descend also and rejoin his archers in the outer chamber. The other still delaying, and murmuring somewhat of his orders,

“Master Spy!” the new *Prévôt* of the merchants said to him, sharply enow, “I have, without, nineteen archers of the City Guard, and if thou dost show thyself before me but once again this day, I will have thee breeched*

* The *fessade* was the domestic punishment then in use both for servants and children.

in the kitchen. Away with thee! We are ill met, comrade!"

Ye may bethink ye how M. l'Exempt of the Grand Châtelet choked in his wrath, and inly blasphemed, having this chiding; nathless, needs must he submit, and slink away with no ill word spoken, for Charron had done as he said, 'twas to be read in his shining eyes. 'Tis a wholesome thing, methought, to show teeth that are long enow to bite!

I suppose that Toutevoie, raging thus, and plying me with questionings on the stair, discovered that I was not disposed to weep at his affront, for he began to brawl at me so soon as we had reached the outer chamber, where, following Fleurie close, I was fain to mingle myself with the guard.

"Who is this fellow!" he called, seizing me most uncivilly by the throat.

"*Ventre de loup!* Here is one not of the household."

"Ah, yes!" the little serving-damsel said, trembling, "of a surety, monsieur, we are cousins-german!"

"The devil take me if I credit thee, my pretty sweeting!"

"German truly!" quoth one of the archers;

“out upon the lifre-lofre !* they are all of the Religion.”

“Come hither, swag-belly,” continued Ton-tevoie, “we’ll take thee out o’ door with us. Say thy ‘In manus.’ And ye others stop the mouth of yonder screeching maid; we will have reckoning with her hereafter.”

But the archers had know to do with me who had ungaged myself, and God knoweth how I laid about me with buffetings and blows—thwick, thwack; and the more furiously because those curs did lighten me of all my good silver money, groping in my hosen while the exempt had me at disadvantage. In short, we made such a to-do in this affair, struggling among the overturned settles, that Charron’s escort rushed in from without; mayhap ’twas the *Prévôt* that had summoned them from the upper window, or the desperate cries of the poor damsel. How it was I know not; for at the very moment I did receive such a thump on the head-piece as dazzled me as with the blinking of an hundred candles. “’Sdeath! Let go the wretch!” said the foremost of the City Guards, and, when the hoquetons would not loose their hold, the new-

* A word coined in derision of the Germans, and long in use in Paris.

comer and his companions snatched me out of the grasp of those knaves, who were belabored in good sadness and thrust forth into the street by the blue cassocks, for in Paris the archers of the Grand *Prévôt* are but little liked by them of the city, and spare them not when they have advantage on their side over the white hoquetons. Notwithstanding, he who had given me such timely aid did whisper in my ear that the City Guards, being vexed at arriving too late for any share of booty, were in no wise well-disposed towards us; and so, since this refuge was no longer safe, need was to remount the stair, and huddle ourselves again amid the poor family in the library. But remember that on that day were neither masters nor servants among us of the Religion, but only a throng of poor persecuted kinsfolk.

I doubt not that Charron perceived that, he being departed, his guards would be unbridled, and to all seeming were ready to join with the populace in dealing with this unhappy house as with so many another. Surely this it was that moved him to take with him some of the children of M. Delaplace, pledging his faith to find a safe refuge for them, whether at the Arsenal with Biron, or with Madame de

Ferrare at the Hôtel de Laon, or at his own lodgment hard by the Hôtel-de-Ville. Thereon a generous dispute arose betwixt them, as to which of them should not abandon father and mother. At length the Demoiselle Desmarests with her husband and her youngest brother did yield themselves to their father's will, and kneeling down they took a piteous leave of him and his lady. What grief was that ! and what a lamentable parting ! Once again the Prévôt of the merchants essayed to comfort them whose tears flowed fastest, saying to us that he had order from the King to put an end to any slaying of individuals, which did but bring shame upon all good Frenchmen, and that at present all they of the Religion who should closely house themselves for a little would encounter no further peril. I know not, i' faith, if 'twas so decreed that day throughout all Paris, where, notwithstanding, a thousand disorders were committed, nor what Charron himself believed of it ; as to the master of the household he did feign to be reassured, declaring himself ready to await the pleasure of the King, who knew him for a good and loyal servant, and sure would not deliver him over to a secret foe. Then did the Prévôt embrace him, as one might do in

taking leave of the dying and wishful not to prolong his pain, but pity o'ercame him and he turned aside his head. And so, presently, M. Charron, who was averred to be most churlish Catholic, yet was withal, as we could see, a most honest gentleman, went stoutly away with a part of his attendance, the rest remaining on guard before the house. And as we were still at window whence the poor father and mother could still follow with their eyes their children thus led from them through the angry folk, we beheld how the blue cassocks marched in good order, very close compacted and with lowered pikes.

Now needs must I speak again of my pitiful self among these great tragedies; for the good Dame Delaplace perceiving that my visage was somewhat scarred and bleeding, bade Fleurie to bind my head with a scarf of linen. Next I was made to follow the son of the president, who fitted me in his own chamber to a leathern doublet and hose and a pair of wooden shoes.* Bethink ye if I had need on't! for the hoquetons had so rent my poor clouts that I was well-nigh naked at this hour.

* *Esclots.* "Shoes with wooden soles, in general use among scholars, artisans, and such folk."—COTGRAVE.

Ecloppé is still used as an expression of foot-weariness.

“Good fellow,” quoth the president, when he saw me in fit estate again. “I shall have occasion for thee forthwith, so get thee to the kitchen with Fleurie for some food, for it is time.” In sooth the good gentleman had forgot that the archers of the Châtelet had left behind them in that sad house nought that could be eaten, and full well I knew that they who must abide here, cloistered, would have much ado to find victual for themselves. So I did excuse myself, alleging that the pain of my head left me no care for my belly. Yet would it have welcomed even a crust of dry bread, the while I feigned thus to be out of all humor for ‘t. Howbeit, my mind was guessed by some one, for I felt my fingers lightly touched a moment, and, turning my head, saw ‘twas Fleurie, by which I was much comforted.

M. Delaplace asking me what I had in mind to do if I should thrive in escaping from the city, I told him plainly that I had had but small leisure to think on ‘t till now, so close death had trodden on my heels. Howbeit, ‘twas my desire, if I did make shift to pass the faubourg, to take the route to Orléans, and to seek Châtillon-sur-Loing in all haste to offer my service to Madame l’Amirale, who might

be in need of such aid to fly from France with the four children of the family. The president made answer that 'twas well thought on, and that he was assured, hearing me speak thus, that I was a faithful servitor; but 'twas to be feared I should be overmatched in speed of going, since they who had traitorously procured the death of the admiral would have also good will and good power to exterminate all the line of Châtillon, them of Laval as well as of Coligny.

"Howbeit," he went on to say, "if thou thinkest to gain the Faubourg Saint-Germain, wilt thou guide thither in charity one of these who are too much endangered here in 'la petite Genève'?"

"God be my witness, I will do my utmost thereunto," I replied, for I perceived that 'twas his wife or son, or haply both, on whom his thoughts were bent.

But when upon his order I had been with the valet to saddle and bridle the pack-horse and the jennet, which had been used to carry him daily to the palace, his heart failed him to constrain any of his own to follow me, so great was the peril of the adventure, and, moreover, both wife and son besought him most piteously that he would not force them thus to part.

Nay, even the little hunchbacked valet and the serving-damsel were too much affrighted to determine themselves to fly. And thus the debate came not to end, and the time ran by and no resolution ta'en, when, of a sudden, we heard again the noise of armed men in the street, and saw that 'twas the hoquetons returned in great numbers, being at least forty halberdiers, who made haste to scatter the archers remaining before the house. When that was done, Senneçay, the Grand *Prévôt*, was the first to enter, rapier drawn and morion on head, as if he marched to the assault. Behind him we beheld Pezou and two or three other insolent captains of the quarters, all of them having their arms bared and besprent with blood, as if they were but just come from the shambles. Senneçay, addressing himself to the president, and without salutation, said, very haughtily, that now he had the pressing instant command of the King to repair to the Louvre, and that there should be no more delaying. I will not record—'tis easy to imagine them—all the humble and urgent remonstrances of the magistrate thus torn from the arms of his family, and will but say that the *Prévôt* of the Châtellet let see clearly what manner of friend he was to the persecuted; nay, but an enemy,

and conniving at the end of this tragedy.* 'Twas useless all! and the pitifullest thing these eyes did ever behold was to see the Dame Delaplace drag herself at the foot of that ill man, weeping and lamenting in vain. Nor could the president support this last most cruel proof—but hath the firmest man no weakness?—albeit he had shown such Christian constancy and resignation hitherto. He raised up his wife and chid her somewhat urgently for her weakness, saying 'twas not meet to bow thus to man, but only to God. Then, being still pressed by Senneçay to set forward unto “his majesty”—'twas his phrase, and 'twas, moreover, the watchword of the day—M. Delaplace, calling for his cloak, embraced very tenderly his wife and son, recommending

* . . . “and to what he said of the peril in going unto the Louvre, Senneçay replied that he would confer upon him for escort a captain of Paris very well known to all the people. While he was speaking there entered into the room the aforesaid Pezou, one of the noisiest brawlers of Paris, and offered himself to conduct the Sieur Delaplace to the palace. The president wished to refuse such guide, saying to Senneçay that 'twas one of the worst and cruellest men of all the city, and besought that at least Senneçay should accompany him on his way, to which that latter replied that, having pressing business elsewhere, he could go with him but fifty paces.”—*Etat de France*.

them to have the fear and the honor of God ever in their sight, gave us his last blessing, and courageously descended the stair. I followed him, and good hap was mine to hold his stirrup; while the folk in neighboring windows and the crowd, held at bay by the archers, loaded us both with railings and maledictions.

Thus saw I go forth unto his death—death most foully plotted and contrived—a worthy good gentleman, an honor to the magistracy, Monsieur the President of the Court of Subsidies, whose murder, 'twas said, was secretly solicited by Neuilly, his fellow, whose ears did itch to be covered with the mortar-cap;* for death was no longer done hot-handed†—unless 'twere through hatred, or vengeance, or the

* *Bonnet à mortier.* “A fashion of cap with brims turned up, worn by the lord chancellor and the presidents of sovereign courts on high days.”—COTGRAVE.

† “Being arrived at the Rue de la Verrerie, opposite to the Rue du Coq, certain assassins, who had lain in wait for him with naked swords—it being then three of the clock—since noon, slew him like a poor lamb in the midst of five or six archers of the said Senneçay, who were escorting him, and his lodgment was pillaged at divers times during the space of a week following. The corpse of the Sieur Delaplace, whose soul was received in Paradise, was taken to the Hôtel-de-Ville, into a stable, where it was covered with dung, and the next day was cast into the river.”—*État de France.*

greed of heirs, or displeasure of just debts—but the chiefs of the Religion, of whom a list had been a long time privily ready, were diligently searched out in the name of the King, and few were the dwellings spared from those fell inquisitors; the prisons of Le Châtelet, La Conciergerie, Le Bastille Saint-Antoine grew full hour by hour during the day, and by night were voided. As to the surety of the city, concerning which some of the foremost papists were much in doubt, sooth it is that the two watches,* that of the Grand Prévôt as also the King's Swiss, did stay the pillage somewhat when it was too unbridled, and did even make some pretence of being safe escort to the prisoners; so that from that day 'twas as if the gleaning were orderly done in that field which

* The two watches were the Guet-Royal, composed of forty-eight horsemen, and the Guet-Dormant, foot soldiers, seventy-two in number, whose pay was three sous a night. They were sworn once a year at the Grand Châtelet; they went on guard every night to the sound of trumpets. This guard was so feeble and its action so null that during the civil wars the Parisians took arms spontaneously to defend themselves, re-establishing the ancient Guet-Bourgeois of the fourteenth century, from which—according to the decree of King John—no burgher could be excused unless his wife lay in travail, or he was absent from the city for business, or had been bled that day.

had been so furiously reaped, and trampled and trodden red with the blood of all those martyrs.

But now let me come back to that household, for I have yet to tell ye how those poor folk fared.

When that the dismantled dwelling was void of its master, we who remained behind felt the dole and vacancy which waits on the departure of a funeral train. But, I wis, when the house is afire, none may remain long in stupor of spirit.

“My children,” said Madame Delaplace to us, for in that sore pass her piety failed her not, “God calls us to gain a glorious abiding-place by a Christian death; yet, haply, will he spare us for to-day. Glorify him, whatever befalls, and say with me, the will of the Lord be done, in all things.”

Then did she divide among us all some fifty crowns, which she took from a little pouch beneath her farthingale. Thereon I offered again to try fortune with any who would follow me through the faubourg.

“Friend,” she made reply, “whatever is in store, I will no more separate myself from my own in peril.”

Then addressing her young son,

“My son,” she said, “make ready to conduct me to the Hôtel d’Hercule,* to Nantouillet. That good lord hath friendship for us, and for my husband’s love it may be he will give us shelter.”

Hearing these words, the little valet and the serving-maid perceived themselves abandoned, and prayed humbly to follow their masters. But ’twould be but rashness in thus appearing all together, nor could the dame resolve on ’t. And so, to make an end of the tale, the little valet determined to betake himself to the college of Plessis, having good hope that he would be received by Berthomier, in whose dwelling was wont to be preaching;† but I know not if the hunchback escaped with his life, having

* The Hôtel de Nantouillet, called Hôtel d’Hercule on account of the paintings on the façade, was situated on the Quai des Augustins. It was demolished in 1671 when the Rue de Savoie was opened.

† In 1557 the Protestants held their meetings in a house situated in the Rue Saint-Tagues opposite the college of Plessis, and belonging to the Sieur Berthomier. Later these meetings were transferred to the Rue Mouffetard, then to Popincourt, afterwards to the Pré-aux-Clercs, in the house of the Sieur de Lonjumeau, who sustained a regular siege against the populace. In 1569 the “prêche” was held in the Rue Saint-Denis, in the house of the brothers Gastine, and in the first years of the reign of Henri IV. in the building of the Temple, Rue de Jérusalem.

heard no more news of him. I besought Fleurie to follow me, and she answered modestly that she was well content to do so, hoping to find lodging with a certain poor woman of the Religion, her single acquaintance in the faubourg. Moreover, she added, with her eyes downcast, that she trusted herself very willingly to me, knowing that I was both valiant and honest.

“God go thy way!” said the dame; and embraced her, weeping, as if the poor young servant had been her very child.

’Twas her last words; and shortly after, as I stood a-watch at the threshold, the mother and the son, holding each other by the hand, issued from the dwelling into the Rue Saint-Tagues, hasting, and with heads averted. And thus, forlorn and trembling each for the other, they departed from their ancient home, and never, to all seeming, did behold it more.

Now will I shorten the story of our going—for nought is tedious like a lengthy tale—and ye may well deem we tarried not long in that deserted house, where we were the last. A few moments then after the departure of those twain ye might have beheld me mounted upon the great pack-horse, with my damsel tucked behind me, and going at a goodly pace down

the Rue Boute-Brie, and thence through a little foul-smelling way which foot-passengers hardly would choose by reason of ill encounters therein as well as of the mire.

Through the Rue Perorée and the Rue Hautefeuille we went, and so, suddenly, into the convent of the lesser brothers of Saint-François, commonly called the Cordeliers in Paris, and God knoweth what ill-fortune this had nearly been; for as we passed before the church there were hustled within it certain miserable Huguenot demoiselles whom some honest women, moved by a tardy piety, hoped thus to save from the hands of the populace. A world of villainous ribald knaves pressed at their heels, hooting, hissing, and befouling with insults all these unhappy creatures, many of whom held babes within their arms. Nor could we get forward by so much as a pace in the throng, but were stayed forcibly before the monastery, whose great portals were wide so that we could behold the vessels of the mass set upon the mid altar betwixt tall candles. Beholding this idol, before which they were to be made to kneel and to deny the faith of our persecuted churches, many of these martyrs refused to enter, whereupon they were presently, before our eyes, beaten, cast down, dragged

by the hair to the foot of the statue of the Sainted King, and torn in pieces and trod beneath the feet of an hundred Megæras and Tisiphones.

“God be with us!” I thought, greatly afeared for my companion, who clung to me in terror; “in this swarm of angry hornets we cannot stay.” And, thereon, I pricked rudely my charger’s sides and did at last achieve to enter the Rue du Paon, whence we gained the churchyard of Saint-André by another passage whose name I wist not.

Here a travelling-coach, with curtains closely drawn, approached us from the Rue des Arcs. ’Twas the carriage of some one of the ladies of the court, attended by a score or more of cavaliers; some in doublet, some in mantle, but all with swords drawn and pistols ready. All this escort had the cross of Lorraine in their hats—we could but note how few helmets amongst them!—and some had the eagle* broidered in silver on their housings. Howbeit, these badges of livery helped them not much, methought, nay, hardly did keep in check the loiterers and ill women of the pave-

* Lorraine bears arms of gold with a band gules charged with three eagles in silver.

ment, who thrust themselves beneath the very horses' feet, with cries of "À la Guise!" and some shouting that 'twere well done to overturn the coach and try issue with the riders.

"Vive Guise!" I shouted, hardly taking stand with the escort, albeit I would gladly have beheld them all in the clutches of the great devil of Vauvert;* but think ye that in such disorder I could haggle at the price of safety? "Here is good chance," quoth I to myself; "surely these will pass the faubourg, and so, with God's help, we also."

Howbeit, I deemed we would have the worst on 't when the coach was at the portcullis of the Porte Bussy, and the exempt of the watch

* "In the 18th century the Château de Vauvert, which stood where now is the garden of the Luxembourg, was an object of terror to the Parisians. Ghosts were seen there, devils held witches' sabbath there every evening, and frightful noises were continually to be heard. For a long while this abode of horror was uninhabited, and those going from Paris to Issy turned from their road rather than run chance of encounter with those evil spirits. The terror which the spot inspired had such hold on the popular imagination that the remembrance of it persisted long after the demolition of the château, and gave rise to the popular expression, 'd'aller au diable de Vauvert.'"—DULAURE.

there essayed to control and pass in order those secretly quitting the city ; for the rascal company of scoundrels, grown bold in rage, began to hurl stones at both archers and escort. And in such good earnest were they that a page with a great wallet, who was next to me and among the last riders, had fallen from his horse but for my aid, being hit in full visage by a broken pot, when I did, for a moment, sustain him. But little time had he to thank me for this service, for at the instant the closed carriage began to roll across the drawbridge, and as we all pressed after, the watch could make but scant investigation of such throngs of horsemen so hotly followed.

“ With whom be these ? ” demanded a halberdier when our turn it was to pass the wicket beside the moat.

“ With the Dame de Belestat,”* replied

* Madeleine, wife of Robert Hurault de Belestat, to whom she bore nine children. She was the only daughter of the chancellor Michel de l'Hopital, who was then living on his estates of Vignay near d'Étampe, and, being in Paris during the massacre, she was saved by the Duchesse de Guise, Anne d'Este, who had not espoused the furious feelings of the family she had entered. It is well known, indeed, that the Guises, whose policy it was not to hopelessly alienate the Reformed party from themselves in the interest of the faction of Montmorency, saved “ very os-

my page of the wallet, “ We attend her to Étampes.”

“ ‘Sdeath ! these be none of yours,” the other answered, and would have seized my bridle-rein ; and, in good sooth, thus turbanned like a Moor, with my bandage of linen about my head, I had rather the air of a gypsy flying with a stolen damsel than the servitor of an honest house.

“ Nay, they are ours !” the page did charitably affirm, perceiving well enough what service he was rendering us. On which the archers raised their pikes and let us pass, having, truly, enow to do to keep that raging throng from giving us wolf’s escort yet.*

Right gladly had I followed in the train of that coach which, doubtless, was going to pass the barriers forthwith, and ye may deem that I had so best withdrawn myself from my peril. But had I not bound myself by my oath to conduct Fleurie to a certain refuge ? and could I leave the poor maid so ? My counsel was soon taken ; “ God save ye !” I cried to my comrade of the potsherd, and, turning bridle, I urged my pack-horse, at good speed,

tentatively,” a great number of Huguenots. More than an “ hundred ” says Mézeray.

* *Éscorte du loup* : pursuit.

into the Rue de Seine, while the followers of Guise disappeared at gallop behind the abbey of Saint-Germain.

Here 'twere well, mayhap, to remind ye that there had been great number of murders in all the faubourgs of Paris the day before, and that on Monday the harvest of death was not over, even in religious houses and in spitals. Truly the King's ban had been proclaimed there also, ordering the slaughter to be stayed; but when that cruel and treacherous ass which is called "la commune" hath been wholly unbridled and loosed, be sure 'tis a beast of no docile mood, and subdued again but hardly. In sooth there was no more dagger-play, nor any shot of pistol or arquebus came to our ears as we fared on; but evil-looking folk were everywhere assembled together on t'other side of the ditch, as if espying chance to assail them who should escape from the city. Some passed without ill hap through their gibes and revilings; some, less fortunate, were beaten with stones and staves, and some I beheld, in that street which follows the moat and descends towards the Porte de Nesle, overthrown, rifled, stripped bare, and dragged by the feet, or by a cord about the neck, and amid howls of triumph to the shining river.

“We cannot pass! ‘tis all over with us!” the serving-maid complained, lamentably.

Nor did I find wherewithal to answer her, for words come not flowingly in the thick of danger. Howbeit, our steed, affrighted by the turmoil of the folk, did turn into the first way which leads to the Fossés* - Saint-Germain, and I know not whither we might have wandered had not Fleurie, seizing the rein, guided the beast back into the Rue des Marais, where at last we stood still before a shop whose sign bore the name of Jésus, opposite a great ruined building, roofless, and blackened by fire; ‘twas the house of the Vicomte,† as I knew afterwards; at the moment little recked I of the matter, as ye may guess. Here all was tranquil; or, ‘twere better to say, all was deserted, and, as it seemed, wholly abandoned.

“Friend! whom seek ye here within?” asked an ancient man clad all in rags, who crouched behind these ruins and held a gittern in his

* Rue du Colombier.

† “One called ‘le Vicomte’ let lodgings therein to secretaries from Switzerland or Germany.”—DULAURE.

“The house of the Vicomte had been sacked at the beginning of the preceding reign; the Vicomte and his wife were cast into prison, where they died miserably while their trial was still pending.”—D’AUBIGNÉ.

hand, whose chords he ever and anon struck lightly.

“Dame Amblarde,” Fleurie made answer, having already hastily slipped down from the horse.

The beggar shook his head; then pointed to the shop burst open, the shutters broken, the tools, furnishings, and household stuff miserably strewn around. At the sight the damsel piteously wrung her hands.

“Gone!” she cried.

“Gone, i’ faith, gone!” said the poor plucked carion, speaking thus in charity, I do suppose, lest he should overwhelm at a single stroke the unhappy one with whom he talked.

“Master Guebran,* the dial-maker, it was went first, and then his mother, and afterwards Carpentras, the spurrier, with his three children. They did all ‘go’ during the fête of yesterday, and many another of the faubourg.”

Fleurie hearkened no more, consciousness

* “Greban, clock-maker, dwelling at the sign of the name of Jésus, received a sword-thrust in his side which left him dead upon the pavement. . . . Pierre Carpentras, forger of spurs, dwelling in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, . . . where also were slain many folk, and none spared for sex or age.”—Bézé, *Histoire des Martyrs*.

seemed to be dulled in her, as his amazed eyes clearly told me, whereon I leaped from my saddle, and, taking the poor maid in my arms, I assisted her as I could, and gave her cheering words. Howbeit, he of the gittern whispered to me that not to be seen were best, and as I was much encumbered by my burden, he led the horse by the bridle and showed us how we might enter a stable as ruinous as the rest of this old building, and long time given over to bats and howlets.

“Whither shall I go?” Fleurie murmured.

I did assure her, speaking from my heart, and in all good faith, that I would not forsake her, yet was I much perplexed to know how to escape with her, sith a maid is not a thing to be hid in the sleeve when one is in hot flight, and in danger at every turn of leaving his carcass behind him.

“So, as I do think, ye also needs must vagabond it?” the old hermit said, quietly, while he watched me. Thereon I was fain to acknowledge that we must now try fortune like so many other unhappy folk, without money, or arms, or knowledge of the ways, and already half engulfed and swallowed up, as it were, by misery. On which the beggar whispered to me that he also was of the Religion,

and had formerly pulled many a saint down from 's niche, but no longer did make bravado of it, that trade being now of ill savor. Next he told me how that, on a certain Sunday in time past he had been belabored and beaten and foully rent and scratched by all the old hags of the Rue de l'Egoût, who had hunted like very devils all those who did issue from the Patriarch's house. This encounter had left him little stomach for the meetings and psalm-singing, the fastings and other novelties of salvation. In brief, he saw that in this world one must needs limp with the cripples, and that 'twere best to turn coat whene'er the wind did change. And so, at present, he was for the Church; he that hath not what he likes must like what he hath, saith the proverb. And speaking thus, all in his thieves' jargon, the good man did go to seek his wallet, which he had hid in a corner of the stable that was, I perceived, his present abiding place; for he took from another hollow beneath the rafters an old measure of pewter half filled with sour wine, from which he poured for us a great draught into his wooden alms-bowl. "Good liquor gives good heart," quoth he to Fleurie, who did but sip on 't, "and for maids who are over squeamish 'tis the only cure." As for me,

ye need not inquire if I made a willing meal of the scraps and relics of the worthy beggar. "Friend," he said to me, in a tone as if he were discoursing to a pious multitude, "all cheese is good when food grows scanty." And good witness can I bear that 'tis so! and do invite testimony of any who have tasted victual being well-nigh dead of hunger. While I thus feasted in that shelter, the beggar, sitting beside us upon the straw, told us that he had two good shifts to his pouch, being a maker of viols for his first craft, and withal, fair player of the gittern; five or six of which he had with him, lutes, rebeccs, and viols d'amour, hung upon the rack; in sooth, never were beheld so many things of music in such place as here. In winter or in times of wind and rain he worked at his handicraft in this fastness wherein he had quartered himself, and in the pleasant season, liking not over well to labor under roof, he went merrily begging in the sunshine before great houses or inns, thrumming his gittern and chanting tunably. "And 'tis all for love of it," he said, ending the tale, "and not for any profit therein," and yet was he of those who would rather have two eggs than one plum.

On this our host's assurance that we could

lodge there at least for some hours, we did till vespers bide within those walls, behind which I led our horse to browse and pasture at his will in the close of the hostelry. This peaceful garden, wherein was a great cistern, or well, of water, was full of raspberries, thorn-bushes, and currants, great mallows and white thistles called "Our Lady's flowers." My companion kept very nigh me, as ye may suppose, and now I learned from the poor maid that she was from Angoulême, and long since orphaned, her father, an honest merchant, being slain in the first war. The Dame Delaplace—who herself was from the Angoulême country—had taken into her own household, for the love of God, this poor young girl, beholding her thus left desolate, pretty and tender, and without support. From Angoulême Fleurie had gone with her mistress into Valois, where they had kept retreat during the second troubles, and 'twas but since the peace of Saint-Germain she had been at Paris, where she had no acquaintance without the household, saving Amblarde Guebran, the mother of that dial-maker whose shop we had before us, ruined and broken and devastated.

When I demanded of her who this Amblarde was, she told me 'twas the foster-mother of the

Demoiselle Desmarests, and that this old servant had but lately withdrawn from service, that she might live with her son, the dial-maker to Messieurs de Montmorenci; for the son and mother had a most tender love one for the other.

“Mayhap,” Fleurie said, questioning me with her blue eyes as she had ended the story—“mayhap they did flee in season, and are escaped from the massacre and now in safety?”

“’Tis possible,” I made answer, but did, against my will, cast a glance at the cistern beside us, whereon the last rays of the setting sun were now shining; for the old beggar had whispered in my ear that ’twere profitless to make further quest for Maître Guebran and Amblarde, whose murdered bodies (which the assassins could not draw asunder, so were they clasped in death) had lain since the last evening at the bottom of that well. “And we, too! where shall we be to-morrow at evening?” I asked of myself, half stunned with misery; but surely ’twas the great Tempter who inspired me with these ill thoughts, for in sooth I had ever in my mind the picture of these two martyrs in each other’s arms. “Fleurie!” I said to the maid, turning to her

to rid myself of such thoughts, “I cannot guess where we may sleep to-night, nor how to-morrow we may cross the barriers. But wilt thou trust to my guidance, and believe that I will be good companion and faithful friend?”

“Truly will I trust thee,” the poor innocent maid replied, “and as if 'twere my own brother.”

“And if I go to Châtillon-sur-Loing?”

“Thither will I also.”

“God be with us, then; but if I needs must fly to Geneva?”

“Is that farther than Angoulême?”

And when I told her frankly that I knew not,

“Methinks you do but jest, Nicklaus. Howbeit, if needs must, I will follow.”

And then she stretched to me her pretty hands, which I did heartily press, swearing inly the great oath of the Reitres that henceforth we would have one fortune.

Howbeit, more thread remained on this distaff for spinning, and enow was the care of to-day to fill our minds withal, for now the good beggar, who came seeking us when the sun had set, said to me that 'twere impossible to stay in the house of the Vicomte, the Ave

Maria being past. To these ruined enclosures did resort nightly, he told us, great numbers of people having lost their ears* or branded upon the shoulder with the fleur-de-lys,† bringing with them the day's plunder to share it among themselves, as was their wont; for during the day they had enow to do, being chased by the archers of the watch from city to faubourg, and by the guards of the precinct from the faubourg to the city. Thereon I said to our host that 'twere best to seek some other ruin, which truly were frequent enough in these parts,‡ and that we should haply find safe shelter among the burned barns of the Pré-aux-Clercs; but he quickly responded that it would be very parlous, the pick-locks and cut-throats of the Porte de Nesle having long had the custom of haunting those ruins, whence

* Certain crimes not punishable by death were punished by the loss of one or both ears; in the case of women it was the nose which was cut off. This cruel legislation continued in force in the reign of Louis XIII.

† The fleur-de-lys was the usual mark of criminals.

‡ "There were but few houses in good estate and whole; the pavement of the streets was grass-grown. In 1540 building began again in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and in 1544 some of the streets were repaved. Since the wars of the fifteenth century this faubourg had been almost completely in ruins."—DULAURE.

the Abbé de Saint-Germain knew not how to dislodge them ; and going thither we should too surely run headlong to our destruction.

“ ‘Tis but a warren of villains, this place accursed of God !” I said, much disquieted and out of tune, for I knew not where to turn nor how to go. On which the beggar gravely returned that there were always in the world, for him who must adventure himself naked in it, more broken meats than dainties, more kicks than ha’pence, and also, he deemed well, more knaves than honest men. “ Howbeit, he loses the game who loses courage, and all chances do return one time or other, and many an one beside you hath found his way out of danger, and ye also, if God wills.” But what fell sweetest on my ear while the good beggar was prosing thus was what he said concerning a tall German in doublet of green whom he had beheld shortly before our coming, very valiantly defending himself alone against a throng who sought to lay hold on him. Now this sturdy youth would run away with great swiftness ; anon, turning, would charge with furious blows of a marelín on those nighest him, so that, in the Rue de Bussy alone, more than half a dozen knaves lay stretched on the ground behind him.

When I demanded eagerly what had befallen this valiant fighter—for the image of my poor Frölich came forth to my mind—the beggar replied that he knew not, but that he had fled away in the direction of the Fossés-Saint-Germain, and haply he had gone scot-free.

“So may we also!” quoth Fleurie.

“Heaven grant it!” the beggar said, piously, lifting his ragged high-crowned hat, and offered, moreover, to show us the way presently to a convent in the Rue du Bac, where we should have entry for his sake; that he was as secure on’t as of eggs at Easter, for ‘twas a small hospice of widowed women, to all of whom he was well known. So I fetched the horse from his grazing, leading him by the bridle, and we set forth after our ragamuffin, who, with his great gittern slung about his neck, went now upon a crutch, albeit he had in no wise need thereof; but ‘twas done, he told us, to give him fit appearance of wretchedness, the folk who give alms being commonly very gullible, and they of Saint-Germain and Saint-Sulpice liking best to see their poor thus becrutched. While we went so, at a foot pace following our guide, twilight ever deepened in the faubourg, and the street which leads to the Porte-au-Passeur was wholly dark and silent

when we came to the old hospice wherein we hoped to harbor. 'Twas a house of sinister air; the door was low and black, all the windows were covered up with gratings, and a small tower jutted forth from the frontage. Our guide fell a begging in a good, clear voice, before the judas of this lodgment, like a gallant who hath his welcome assured, and will not be kept long at the gate. At the shrill noise the beggar made, an old woman appeared at the wicket, and presently recognizing the gittern-player, did open the door softly a little, chiding him sharply for coming with such disturbance, and saying 'twas too late to be asking aught. But our beggar, thus berated, made a fair reverence to the portress, and answered that he had with him two goodly pilgrims, a brother and sister, who prayed for a night's shelter, being on their way to Sainte-Reine,* where I did hope to be cured of the scurvy.

"Jésus!" cried angrily the old nun—as she turned her face towards us in her discourse, I did perceive that one of her eyes had lost its lid, so that it was abhorrent to behold—"doth the knave think to cozen us that are as cun-

* Sainte-Reine, in the province of Aubun, in Burgundy; it was a pilgrimage very frequently made. Its fête was the 7th of September.

ning as himself?" But the ballad-singer stoutly swore that he would renounce his part in Paradise, and would abjure oil and baptism* if I were not hopelessly tainted.

The sister, seeing him so resolved, went grumbling away to take counsel with the other ancient churls of the house, then anon returning said that the damsel might enter, and they would e'en give her a pallet in the stable, albeit 'twas not their wont to admit any after the Ave Maria. But as for me I might lodge at the sign of the stars with my horse.

"Prythee, do not make me enter," Fleurie whispered in mine ear, and grasped at my arm in extremest terror. Sooth to say, I was not less dismayed than she, and did nearly resolve to take her with me, so much it irked me to leave her thus. But whither should we go? How could I shelter the poor maid in that Gomorrah from which the Lord had turned away his face? 'Twas a house of prudent and discreet women, the beggar assured me, albeit the sister at the gate was somewhat in evil mood that night, and he added, in his smooth sentences, that "needs-must is good reasoning;

* *The Sainte-Crème*; composed of oil and balsam, for confirmation and for extreme unction.

to the strong hand there is little to answer ; and he who must dine from another's dish often dines but tardily." In fine, we saw how it must be, and Fleurie submitted to it and left me, hiding as she could her tears, and followed the bénigne into the house : adjuring me, with her last words, that I would not abandon her long time in that abode.

"The hospice is open at the rising of the sun for you birds of passage," said, surlily enow, the old nun with the lidless eye ; to which the beggar added, in undertone, that so I might shortly come again and take away my little sweetheart pigeon.*

Howbeit, when I did behold that low door shut and Fleurie within it, and when there remained nought for me, having heard the bolts go grinding home, but to slink away into the darkness, I will own that 'twas with the sorest heart I had ever carried. But 'twas past changing, and the best to do till day should dawn again were to endure the hardship with a Lombard's patience.† Therefore I said to the beggar that I perceived we must go asunder, hap-

* *Mon cœur et ma pigeonnelle.*

† *Patience du Lombard* was that of a creditor in presence of a poor debtor. Lombard was still a synonym for usurer.

ly for all time, but I prayed God, very heartily, to bestow all blessings on him, and, in especial, that he might ever have full wallet and good liquor."

"A merry life to thee and a long one," the old beggar returned, and gave me his hand. "I do commend thee to God, friend Lifre-lofre; thou hast the flower of thy days before thee, and art, as I do see, a right trusty comrade. Courage! thou shalt see better times than these!"

And thus we parted; and I, leading still my willing steed by his bridle-rein, went my way into those deserted streets which run westward in Saint-Germain. In good sooth, I hoped ever to find in my path some hostelry whose honest host would lodge us both for an half carolus,* but 'twas in vain I peered about me; I beheld but ruined buildings within gardens whose walls were overthrown, and which had become lurking-places for vagabonds and country idlers. And as I turned me again, not liking to adventure myself further within these sombre and dismantled streets, there came towards me one belated and very much

* "Carolus. A piece of white money worth just an English penny."—COTGRAVE.

afeared, I do bethink me, for he sang, in a loud, quavering voice, to restore his courage withal, the old song,

“Il ne m'en chault d'un blanc,
D'hommes qui soient en France,
Il ne m'en chault—”

Howbeit this gallant, taking me at this encounter for a knight of the poniard, or, as they are called in Paris, a chorister of the midnight mass, forgot straight his warlike ditty and fell upon 's knees, crying me mercy and averring he did but come from visiting his mistress in the Rue du Cœur-Volant, and had not a sou upon him. But I took no note of what he said, but asked him if he could help me to any lodgment in that quarter where an honest man might spend the night ; when he, thinking my speech but jest, rose up without reply and fled at all speed without once looking back, such haste he had to escape from me. From thence I turned to the right hand, so that I came to the brink of the Seine in a spot which the thieves of Paris have named, methinks, the frog-pond ; 'tis opposite the gardens of the queen.* Alas ! 'twas an unlucky turning ! for here upon this empty shore had floated many

* *Les jardins de la Reine.* The Tuileries.

a body dead and stark which the flowing water swayed and swung, laying them softly among the rushes on the bank. God knoweth how I quaked at the ill-boding sight, and hastily did turn away. And ye may well conceive how great was my affright if I tell ye that I knew not how I went, nor where, till at last, all breathless, I found myself before a chapel,* ruined and open to the sky, beside a spital which is not far from the Fossés-Saint-Germain.

When I had something recovered from my terror, I bethought me to abide there till the day should dawn, a better shelter lacking; and so, making my horse to enter a meadow which was hard by the ruins, I fastened him by aid of his stirrup-leathers and left him to browse in peace, deeming he would not stray far in such a tangle. Then I lay down beside an ivy-clad wall, which rose at my left hand behind the chapel in a spot where none should discover me who did not come to search. But where was I? The meadow seemed full of

* This old building was the chapel Saint-Pierre, built, 'tis said, at the time of Philippe-Auguste, and destined for the servants and vassals of the abbey. Afterwards was built near this church a hospital for lepers, which hath received the name of "La Charité."—DULAURE.

uneven swellings; was it, perchance, a church-yard? Yet I could see neither tomb nor monument, neither cross nor paling; to all seeming, if this were indeed a place of burial, it was only used for such as the hangman brought hither, criminals or poor suicides dragged here on hurdles and thrown naked into the trenches hastily digged in the earth.

Be this as it might, in this sombre place I laid myself down—truly, after such a day I needed no soft pillow to cast me into slumber—and, breathing a prayer to God for our afflicted churches, for Madame l'Amirale and her children, for Fleurie and for myself, I fell into a profound sleep, such as is given to the wretched, and most of all to the young, when they are at the uttermost limits of anguish and fatigue. Yet, methinks, ye need not be told that Nature hath not made me a sluggard.

Methinks I had slept for an hour, and 'twas about the middle of the night, when I was awakened by the footsteps of human beings stumbling in the rubbish near me, and beheld two shadowy figures midmost of the open space. Little wish I had, God wot, to bid them tarry for me, and well could I have spared the coming of these charnel roamers.

“Art afeared?” quoth one.

“No whit,” the other answered, albeit with uneasy accent.

“Canst withdraw even yet,” the first voice said, like one not over-anxious to push a matter further. But the second said, with an oath, he was so madly enamoured that he would sign any pact with all the devils of hell, might he so but possess his mistress. At that I perceived—and the hair of my head stood up—that I had before me an accursed necromancer, who was preparing to call forth his familiar, and submit him to the bidding of the lovesick stripling of whose last pistole he was doubtless already possessed. Now ye shall not believe that a German Reître had such absolute credence as the Paris coxcombs have, in all the incantations, witchcraft, and charms of the knaves* of whom is such abundance in that city; nay, we of Wittemberg have noses too well rubbed for that!† but yet, do not our ministers and sermon-makers, and all the hoary reverends of the Consistory, teach us that the

* “In the time of King Charles IX. these rascal cozeners had such impunity at Paris that there were thirty thousand of them, as their chief sorcerer averred in 1572.”—*Journal of Henri III.*

† “A metaphor from huntsmen, who to make their dogs quick-scented rub their noses with vinegar.”—COTGRAVE.

devil may entrap men and beguile them to their own undoing if God, who is all-powerful, so pleases ! And was not our Lord tempted on the mountain ? Prythee, answer me that ! But leave we this mystery to them who scribble books, for, without more words, I had great fear of what might come on 't, and no other thought but how best to conceal myself within the bushes, so that ye might have hid me, like a ten-sous piece, in any wallet. While I was thus on the alert, the vermin sorcerer having enclosed his fellow in a magic circle which he traced about him with a wand of hazel, I beheld him light his sulphured stick at the steel of his tinder-box ; and anon there burned within a little pot a certain perfume* of myrrh and incense, or other substances of alchemy unknown to me, for there sprang up from them a bluish flame which did illumine with its sinister gleam the visage of the necromancer and

* "This perfume should be compounded of euphorbium, of sdellium (?), of salammoniac, of the root of hellebore, of powdered adamant and a little sulphur. Grind this exceeding fine and make thereof a paste with blood of a black cat and the brains of a carrion crow, and form it into grains which shall be used by three and by three."—ALBERTUS MAGNUS, *Perfume of Tuesday, under the aspect of Mars.*

the pale face of his young companion. This stripling had in his hand, I could perceive, a great waxen taper, which shook within his trembling fingers ; and at first glance I did esteem him to be a page of the court, for he wore the mandillon and plumed cap, and his hosen were red* like the lackeys of the Louvre.

“ ‘Tis a fit place to summon the Little Master,”† mumbled the old wizard, as if to himself. “ Two women of the Religion came hither but yesterday with the corpse of a babe newborn, and dead without its baptism ; the wind blows from the south ; the moon doth wane.” Saying these words he turned his face towards the east ; “ *Adeste spiritus benevoli*,” he muttered, but in such strange fashion that ye had sworn ‘twas spoken beneath the earth. He did twice or thrice repeat this, adding also, “ *Ecce ego totus vester*,” and with strange and fearful genuflexions and reverences, as if he were saying mass before the altar of the Prince of Darkness. Beholding all this, I wist not if he who held the candle feared or no, but I

* The livery of Charles IX. was wholly of this color.

† *Petit Maitre*. The sorcerers used this and other periphrases to designate the devil, who, said the learned in demonology, never liked to hear himself called by his own name !

trembled in a fever-fit as if I had at the very least the sweating sickness of Picardy;* and the more so because I heard a sudden sighing of breath behind me in the bushes. Happily I did bethink me of my horse, who might, perchance, be passing that way behind the chapel, hobbling in his leathers, and snorting.

“Heard you nought?” the page asked, and well-nigh let his taper fall.

“Pestilent sot!” the sorcerer cried, chafing with rage, “did I not tell thee, thou great lout, thou wouldst spoil all, uttering but one word during the mystery? Now ‘tis to begin anew!”

The other sought to appease him as he might, promising another half-ducat which he yet had in’s pouch, if he would but call up a friendly devil to do his bidding, and the old wizard was about to begin again his sacrileges, when, behold, a fearful thing! A lamentable voice broke suddenly forth close beside us, and a gigantic shadowy form, black and foul of savor, rose up before the dealer in witchcraft, and but three paces distant from him. And then I heard—

* *La suette de Picardie.* An intermittent fever with a slight eruption, very common throughout France till the sixteenth century.

“ Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen !
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.”

This was chanted in a most doleful cadence, and I did almost swoon with horror when I beheld this noisome apparition advancing with outstretched arms upon the old necromancer, whose familiar spirit 'twas, assuredly. Howbeit, the sorcerer waited not for him; haply 'twas not the demon he had called upon (this one spoke good German of Berne, which did surprise me much), or however this may be, I beheld how terror seized the wizard as well as his gull, and the two took to their heels, howling like scalded dogs. The taper was extinguished in the disorder, and I know not what further befell my two runaways, saving that one of them did well-nigh fall a-top of me, so close he fled to where I lay. 'Twas the affrighted page, and small care had the gentleman then of his dear sweetheart while he ran, panting, over stock and stone, the sooner to gain the safety of his own white skin.

And now behold me left alone in this dismal place of burial of those of the Religion—so, at least, the sorcerer had called it—and but ten paces from the black giant who chanted con-

tinually in most doleful voice. Now, if any of ye do jest at my fears, let me tell him that 'tis easy to laugh at the ford from t'other side the stream, and to boast of bravery in a woman's lap. Howbeit, 'tis a most true saying, that there is no peril which a good Reitre of Mansfeld will not affront with a light heart when he hath a little acquaintance of it. I be-thought me, then, that this good German accent was not wholly strange to me, and, moreover, who hath e'er heard of a devil chanting the praises of the Lord for his own amusement! To be brief, I rose softly from my couching-place, stood upright and advanced as in an ambuscado; whereat the black giant, beholding a man advancing upon him, did hold his peace prudently, as if much perplexed.

“*Wer da?*” I cried out, in a sudden harsh tone, as resolutely as if I had been one of a dozen on guard.

“*Navarre!*” responded the other.

“*Is it really thou, Frölich?*”

“*Bei Gott, who else?*” my poor Swiss made answer, hasting to approach and take me by the hand. But never was I so bestinked, nor did I ever behold a Christian so black with filth and ordure.

“*God's grace! what hath befallen thee?*” I

demanded, when by the starlight I was able to perceive his visage. "Thou art the very pattern of a Moor!" *

Frölich replied, with a groan, that he could not tell over, in one discourse, all his misfortunes since the hour he had quitted me in the Rue Saint-Jacques. Full well I comprehended that the poor soul had not made shift to rejoin his sister, which did beyond all else grieve him, but I was fain to be silent about it, in fear of racking him the more. As to the unmannerly smell, stronger than rose or jasmine, which did embalm the air ten paces round about him, he had been lurking, hid to his ears, he made known to me, in the mire of the Fossés-Saint-Germain, for all shelter is good which the Lord lends in such extremity; and from this muddy slough, or, to say plainly, this sink, my poor Swiss had not ventured forth till blindfold night. I did desire, before all things, to take my odorous companion to some quick jet of water, of which, God wot, great was his need; but where should we find in the darkness either fountain or well, in a quarter which we knew not, one or t'other? But now it was the good

* *Un moreau.* For a black horse, *cheval moreau* was commonly said.

pack-horse came to our aid ; the poor beast had thirsted long himself, and, hobbling beside the wall, with his brute instinct he had attained a certain corner, not without hardships, where he stood, pricking up his ears and whinnying low, as if waiting till some one should come to his assistance. We perceived then that he had led us to the well of the spital of Saint-Pierre, and 'twas short task for us to hale up to the brim the bucket sparkling with living water. And first each one of us did drink a copious sweet draught of it, for every creature hath, I do deem, no greater need than that to slake his thirst, and this most especially in the night-time. Then Frölich, having mightily drenched himself to rid him of that filth, in which office I was not loath to aid him, we sat down at last amid the grass, waiting like windmills after rain, till it shall please God to make us dry, and till daylight should come once more ; but we had need long of patience till the stars paled in the skies.

During this wearisome night-watch my sad comrade had leisure to take up the discourse of his ill-fortunes, and did confirm what I had heard at the house of the President Delaplace ; to wit, that the hostelry of the Plat d'Étain had been assailed and ravaged by the curs of

the Rue Saint-Jacques, short time before our arrival in that place.

“What hath become of my poor Mariotte?” said Frölich, and his sobs broke forth. He was wholly ignorant of her fate, saving that as he went, half crazed, from the ruined dwelling on whose floor the corpse of its master yet lay, he had learned from the speech of a neighbor that Mariotte had fled away before the work of death began, and that she had been afterwards seen with an old man, her companion, in the Faubourg Saint-Jacques. “Yet, perchance, the knave but gibed at my sorrow, and my sweet sister lies among the martyrs.”

“’Tis possible he spoke sooth,” I said, gently, though the chance was small enow; but infinite are the ways of the Lord, and, besides, I ask ye, should we stop all the issues by which a ray of hope may reach the sorrowful heart?

Howbeit, Frölich had straightway followed these uncertain traces (with no more remembrance of me than if I had been heels uppermost already!) and had wandered for half the day in the faubourgs of Saint-Jacques and Saint-Marceau, now fleeing before a hue-and-cry amid showers of stones, anon stopping to ask in the name of God of any honest-seeming people in his way if they could give him

news of a young German maiden, whose description he did straightforward set before them. 'Twas all in vain! They whom he accosted had met with no such damsel, for, prythee, who takes note of passers-by, Paris being in tumult? 'Tis hardly, I swear to ye, that the folk of the same parish do know one another when they do meet; 'tis two hundred thousand souls! so that the burghers have acquaintance with each other only if they are of the same fraternity, if they be papists, or have met oft at the sermon if they do belong to the Religion; or, it may be, if they have served o' nights together on the Guêt Dormant. As to Mariotte's unhappy brother, he had for very weariness turned back towards the side of Saint-Germain, to join, if it might be, some convoy there. But all the ne'er-do-wells and vagabonds of the Rue de Bussy had fallen on him, and 'twas but hardly (as the worthy beggar had told me) that he had found way to escape from their clutches.

Now while he thus wofully discoursed, I was most curious to know why the Swiss, sheltered as well as I in this burial-place, had so burst out upon those two pilgrims paying their vows to the devil.

"Needs it to say?" my comrade answered.

“Bei Gott, Nicklaus, I did not think you would have found a mystery in that! Said you not you were interpreter of all obscurities to M. l’Amiral? Howbeit, I will satisfy you! When I did behold that vile gallows-clapper with his devilish ceremonies but three paces from where I couched, I do confess me I was troubled with a mortal uneasiness, since the spirit might appear to my misfortune, though I deem he doth not always come when he is called upon. But, in sooth, ’tis an enemy I would not boastfully affront; truly I have good courage, yet ’tis the courage of a man-at-arms, and no more. In brief, not being acquainted with those wholesome exorcisms which are known to some, the Lord inspired me to sing His praises aloud, which, as you beheld, did put to flight that vermin.”

“Blessed and magnified be His holy name,” I made answer. “Those twain have left the field to us, good friend; certes we need fear them no more, for methinks they are running yet!” Then, changing the discourse, I, in my turn, set forth the story of my fortunes. Much amazed was Frölich, learning that I had got thus a young maid and a pack-horse.

“I say not nay to the horse, but what is to do with a maid?” quoth he.

To that I answered him that it were time first to think on 't when we had got her to a place of safety. To this he agreed ; for 'twas a heart of gold and would have done likewise had he made like encounter. Howbeit, could he have chosen betwixt them, 'twere not the maid he had ta'en ; but sooth to say he did crave the pack-horse like a woman great with child.

The dawn was hardly gray and we could but just discern the hillocks about us when I said to Frölich that without more loitering I must keep appointment before the widows' hospice. 'Twas still far from day,* ye will say, as did he also, but I could bide no longer, so did I long to see Fleurie out of that sinister cloister, where now I made myself endless reproaches to have left her. Frölich said straightway that he would accompany me ; truly what could he do else? being without plan, without direction, and wholly disheartened with thinking on his lost sister, so that a child might have subdued him and led him at its pleasure like a muzzled bear. What is the

* *Heures basses* are those when the sun is very near the horizon, and may mean either the earliest or latest hours of the day ; *heures hautes* are those when the sun is near the zenith. The expression "dormir de haute heure" is still occasionally met with.

courage of man ! And yet 'twas a lusty young mountaineer, who could have felled an ox with one blow of his fist, were he minded to it, but little thought had he now of his strength !

So presently I freed my steed from his hobbles, and we left behind us that burial-place where I ween we had both had a proper fright and no good shelter ; and, as the Rue du Bac is but a short journey from thence, we had still leisure for an hour's dallying before the widows' convent, before the sun shone fair upon casements and I had courage to knock modestly at the door of the close-shut dwelling.

“ He hath nought who hath not patience,” the proverb saith, but methinks there is no mortal patience that will endure being too sorely tried. When they left me, then, without response, I knocked somewhat less gently ; whereat an old and sour visage did, for a moment, appear at a grating in the upper story, but forthwith disappeared again, having beheld who was below, nor did it return. This amazed me much, and I took counsel of Frölich, who had stayed apart to keep guard of the horse.

“ Nay,” quoth he, “ 'tis the nature of all the old wives of Paris to be somewhat deaf, or it may be they are still in their beds dreaming of

the morgensoupe. Knock again, friend Nicklaus."

God knoweth if I knocked loudly then; everything must sure have jumped and jogged and danced the crane's-dance * within the nest of those ancient howlets whom I did serenade thus early. At last the staring-eyed béguine whom I had seen before showed her angry face behind the judas of the door and needs not to ask if I received not from her more abuse than a dog hath fleas. But little I heeded her, only demanded briefly that the door should be unclosed to my sister Fleurie, for I had come to fetch her away.

"What sister?" the old nun said, feigning dulness.

But at this cozenage I did perceive 'twas not worth parleying with reverence, and did sternly demand of this bemuffled cur if she was minded to pretend ignorance of the young damsel I had left within those doors the night before.

"Mananda! An hour agone thy queane did take herself hence," the shameless old woman made answer.

Fain would I have strangled her as she stood,

* "*Danser la grue.* To hop or dance upon only one leg," says Cotgrave.

for this foul word, albeit I love not to lay my hand upon a woman.

“Wilt open?” I asked again, speaking this time roughly enow, I trow, and blaspheming with the greatest oath a Reitre knows. Whereat the old nun made the sign of the cross, all trembling with horror, and hastily departed without replying.

“Help! Navarre!” I cried to my Swiss, throwing myself like a madman against that traitorous door, but 'twas well fortified and no easy task to burst it in.

Frölich waited not to be twice summoned, and leaving our steed with bridle hanging loose, he armed himself with a great piece of timber which lay, by chance, beside the wall, and we did make such thunderous assault upon the convent's portal that it did seem it must yield beneath our ram, as in ancient warfare. But beshrew it! the accursed door was proof against all our efforts, so well was it provided within with far-stretching great iron bars. Nothing was to gain thereby, unless to wholesomely affright those beldames (deaf or not deaf) who still slept behind their curtains. At last when three or four of these everlasting hags began to cry alarum, and others of them set the bell a-jangle, as if the monastery were blazing, Frö-

lich cried out that we must try new measures or we should have all the Christians of the quarter buzzing about our ears. 'Twas my advice also, though now I deem I did mistake, for 'tis not custom in Paris to leave one's lodg-
ment at rising of the sun to render aid to any. Moreover, the Rue du Bac hath but few pass-
ers, and the folk of the abbey quit not so easily their safe enclosure. Changing, then, our at-
tack, we climbed, one helping the other, upon the top of the wall adjoining the hospice, which having overleapt, we found ourselves beside the little window of the larder of the house. Here the grating held not long against our valiancy, so bent were the Swiss and I to gain entry to this prison where they held my little companion. In brief, we soon found ourselves within doors, in the refectory, to wit, which opened into the larder. Howbeit, the town was not yet taken, for a half-score dishevelled hags, the least horrible of whom would have affrighted a young devil, awaited us there, to prove to us that such cats were not to be han-
dled without mittens. Yet other old wretches were huddled together in a corner, crying "O doux Jésus!" and that they were all to be slain; so that I could well perceive 'twas a battle with all the household.

But now Frölich did prove himself better comrade and more valiant than any *Amadis** in history. The excellent Swiss, thrusting away with the palm of his mighty hand the woman we had first encountered, was at the stair-foot, attacked by all those griffins, and swearing like an abbé, when he did haply feel the claws of one. Meantime I ferreted in every corner, calling Fleurie like a madman throughout the lodging. But to no result! nor did any voice answer to mine, or better 'twere to say, perchance, I could hear no voice above that shrill tumult. At last, when I bethought me to make threat of strangling every one, came an old flat-nosed, wheezing nun, and promised me, clasping her hands, that they would set the damsel free, if we twain wolfish ravishers would swear to do no harm, neither to the mother superior (who was sadly ill of the dropsy) nor to the three *Disrètes*,† nor to the sister gatekeeper, nor to any of the other fifteen worthy widows of this community. To

* *Amadis des Gaules*. A Spanish romance of the fourteenth century, had been translated into several languages, and was most popular in France for upwards of two hundred years.

† *Disrètes*. In a religious house they are so called who assist at the counsels of the mother superior.

this I replied most uncivilly that we wanted only Fleurie among them, but her right speedily, for if they longer delayed to yield her up to us, I was resolved to burn them all in their old hen-coop. Then I followed the old nun, who certes was in mortal fear, to a certain narrow cell which they do call, in those houses, the "Silence," lighted but by a little loophole at foot of a winding stair. What a lodging was that for my poor maid! and what a meeting in 't was ours when I did press her in my arms again, no better able than she to utter word of greeting.

"'Sdeath!" I said, grinding my teeth, and turning upon those scarecrow hags who sought to excuse themselves, saying that the maid was exceeding unruly and persistent, "thank ye your saints upon your marrow-bones that I am an honest Reître and wage none but gentle warfare; for were it otherwise ye should pay for this. I would put ye to fair trial!"

Then, saying no word more, I aided my little companion to remount the narrow stair, and made sign, as if I had been lord and master, that they should undo the great door before us; and thus it was we took our leave of that most evil place. But Frölich, whom I bade follow, wished to make honorable retreat as

did his countrymen on the day of Meaux,* and ye should have heard him how he did berate all those pious Béguines at parting, with the fairest oaths and the foulest fair speeches which he had devoutly learned from the French pages in the six months he had been among them of the guard.

Mayhap ye spruce companions who listen to me do suppose that, having quitted thus that curst hospice, we had now nought to do but take our steed by his bridle again. But he who knows nothing, doubts nothing. The horse was nowhere to be seen. I know not if he had grown weary himself of waiting thus in expectancy of what came not, or if some sly knave (such as wait not till a thing be lost ere they find it) had noiselessly led him away to his own stable lest the flies should prick him too hotly. “Nay!” did I, groaning, think within myself, “now truly we have it from *miserere* to *vitulos*,”† and God knoweth how I inly raged at this last mischance. Frölich did proffer, in sooth, to search throughout the neighborhood, averring he would inquire very

* September 27, 1567.

† A penitential psalm, beginning with one of these words and ending with the other.

narrowly for our lost sumpter-horse. But what had it availed! As well thump at a dead man's door, and moreover we had other things to think on; the folk of the Rue du Bac—most ill bred are they, every one—had begun to make their appearance without their houses, and more than one pointed at us with a gibe, and bid us wait till the game of stone-throwing should be ready, whereby I knew full well 'twas time to get forward, and to bid farewell to the thought of regaining our good steed, which I did sore lament. "Haste! Haste!" Fleurie kept repeating ever, clutching at my arm, nor could we wrest another word from her, so terribly was the poor maid's spirit subdued since the evening before. I did think to retrace our way along the Rue du Bac, and, haply, gain the open fields from this side, but nay! we were so scowled upon and molested that we turned to the left hand into the Rue des Fossés, which doth pass the foot of the great pillory of the abbey. Here the country-women of the market Saint-Germain began to lay open the wares upon their stalls as we hurried by, and more than one among the rascally crew* cried out "Ribald!" and "Drab!" seeing

* *Triquedondaines.* Coarse gossips; *triquedondaines* are,

a maid with hair all disordered, flying afoot betwixt two such companions as we, clad like any rake-hell ruffians. But now, at a good hour for us, a crier of the dead* came by on his way to Saint-Sulpice, which did distract the attention of those dames, who left their harrying of us to inquire curiously concerning the dead man whose tidings the black-garbed crier was chanting.

In this wise we hasted along the Rue du Sépulcre as far as the great square where stands the red painted cross, and now, the farther we did advance the greater my heaviness of soul, for I did much doubt whether the gatherers of the *gabelle*† whose station is not far distant,

according to Cotgrave, the peals of laughter with which women greet an unsavory jest.

* The criers of the dead were twenty-four in number, attached to the Châtelet. These officers went from street to street, clad in black robes, and tinkling a little bell. They announced, in doggerel, the death of the person deceased:

"Or dites vos Patenostres,
Quand vous oyez que je sonne
Pour l'honorabile personne," etc.

—See *Paris Ridicule*.

† *Gabeliers*. The Gabelle was at first any kind of impost or tax, afterwards the name was applied chiefly to that on the sale of salt. It was instituted by Philip the Long at one "double" (about two pence) in the pound,

might not be reinforced by a guard extraordinary from the archers of the Châtelet or of this precinct, and truly their inquisition would be most parlous for us.

“On ! on !” said Frölich, who had no care for aught, Mariotte being lost, but would have gone straight at any hinderance with lowered head like the great Bull of Berne* had I not withheld him. But I do confess it frankly, I affronted danger with far less of resolution having Fleurie beside me, and did make myself many bitter reproaches that I had brought all this upon her. The poor maid, whose heart was as great as her strength was little, was by this time well-nigh undone, albeit she said no word of complaining, but her sweet face,† pale and worn as any linen clout, told us more than any speech had done. “Hath God forsaken us ?” I asked me then, and my heart

Philip de Valois doubled it, and Charles VII. raised it to about seven pence, which was again doubled by Louis XI., from whose time it was altered to so much in the *muid*, a most uncertain measure rising and falling at the pleasure of the prince—containing sometimes thirty pounds, sometimes forty, and sometimes even forty-five.

* *Le taureau de Berne.* A legendary Swiss soldier, slain at the battle of Marignan.

† *Sade.* Agreeable. *Maussade*, which signifies the contrary, has remained in use.

swelled with bitterness ; 'twas the first time in fifty-three hours of trial that that ill thought had lodged in my brain. We sat down, with no more converse, at the crossing of the street of Notre-Dame-des-Champs, watching gloomily the folk who passed us by ever and anon, entering or issuing from the faubourg. Now 'twas some wagoner guiding his team with strange oaths, then a miller following his laden asses, a crippled man-at-arms or a pitiful laborer;* again 'twould be some cavalier, merchant, burgher, or noble, one travelling alone with his budget behind him, another having at his back either servitor or wife ; if 'twas the latter, she wore a leatheren apron and a little mask, like a good housewife who hath to do in the farmyard.

All of these wayfarers, some of whom hid their faces in their mantles as they passed us by, took note of our wretchedness, yet had we no desire of parley with them, since in such bloody persecutions one knows not where the mischief may lurk that shall be his undoing. 'Twas haply the third hour of the day, when we beheld the earliest villagers returning from the market Saint-Germain, some mumbling

* *Gagne-journée.*

their paternosters, others merrily jesting and pricking forward their dusty asses, which trotted homeward with their paniers empty.

“Jésus!” quoth a plump and cheerful gossip pausing at sight of Fleurie, who, with eyes closed and fevered breathing, did rest upon my shoulder, “’tis a damsel in pitiful case.” Forthwith she made offer, if we were faring towards Vaugirard or on the highway to Vanvres, to mount the half-swooned girl upon her grizzled old horse; the more willingly, she said, because the horse had no burden, and the maid was but a light one. Think if this offer pleased me or no! and what ardent thanks the countrywoman had! ’Twas but the coin of the Cordeliers;* and yet ’tis possible the blessings of the poor may attend a generous soul beyond its earthly dwelling, and whither they who do divide their cherries into three parts to share them, or who eat their oats in a sack,† as the saying is, will have little use for the ducats and fair pistoles of their hoarding!

“Friend,” the countrywoman said, regarding Frölich and me sharply, as we sat in our

* The Mendicant orders take vows of poverty, and the Cordeliers, having no money, make payment in thanks.

† From mules who have bags of provender hung so close to their noses that none but themselves can come at it.

rag-pickers' accoutrement, “ ‘tis my opinion ye are all three in flight, and I do think, moreover, from the land of the Germans. Are ye not of the Religion ?” And while I stood abashed and dumb before her nor could deny what she had spoke, “ Leave it to me,” this good discreet soul continued, lowering her voice, “ I will e’en do ye a good turn, for we of the country are not so violent as the curs of the faubourg, though we do also love the Church. And i’ faith, the blonde damsel doth touch my heart.”

So we passed safely the station of the *gabelle*,* where since early morning numbers of poor fugitives like ourselves had been stayed, beaten, and robbed by the archers of the precinct, who sometimes let pass those unfortunates after stripping them of all they had, and sometimes haled them hence into the prison of the abbey, or, worse, gave them over to the populace for their sport. But the devil is not ever at one door, the proverb saith, and this return of the sellers of eggs and butter and green herbs from Vanvres and Montrouge,

* In all probability the “*capité des gabeleux*,” in the time of Charles IX., was at the corner of the Rue du Cherche-Midi. A hundred years after the Saint-Bartholomew it was still standing by the Rue de la Baroillère.

from Clamart and the other villages outlying, was most great and unhoped-for succor to pass the barrier; for the toll-gatherers could hardly distinguish all those who were fleeing where none had a passport. Truly one of those peevish clerks did vow he knew us not, but our kind dame gave him tit for his tat, averring that she had been known for twenty years, that she had carried her wares to Saint-Germain, and that no unmannerly sullen varlet should stay her nor her servitors. Howbeit, the guard did still hesitate, and the other gabelliers looked on us with an unfriendly eye, when by good-fortune there came galloping up a courier in the royal livery of Spain, issuing from the faubourg with his escort. All these infidels* went at full speed, crying to open to them in the name of the King, and distributing more lashes than bounties among the peasant-folk who encumbered the wayside. 'Twas a fine confusion; each one passing the barrier and hurrying in the track of the riders, so that 'twas impossible for the guard to examine any, and *harry-bouriquet!*† we were not

* *Maranins.* Literally, little Moors. This was an ordinary term of contempt applied to Spaniards.

† *Harry-bouriquet.* A loud exclamation which the French millers use in driving their asses.

the latest to profit by this great and unexpected advantage.

This hinderance overpast, we came shortly within sight of the burned mill of Vaugirard, which is the first great building on the highway, the others being but hencoops. Meantime Fleurie, albeit that I was at her side, and did sustain her with my arm, could hardly hold herself upright upon her horse, so extreme her weakness was.

“God ha’ mercy!” the good countrywoman said, “but the wench is dying! Look, she is in the last agony. How now, my little heart! my pretty rogue!”

“’Tis but hunger that gnaws me,” my poor maid said, forcing a little smile, and we knew afterwards that she had had no morsel of food in the widows’ hospice. While she spoke thus with difficulty, ye should have beheld our countrywoman, whose eyes did fill with tears, how she hastily sought within her wallet and fetched thence two or three little lammy-loaves,* which she was carrying to her children for their pleasure, as ’tis the custom of

* *Pains moutons.* Little cakes made for children, the outside stuck full of grains of wheat. In times of scarcity it was forbidden to sell them openly, but they could at all times be secretly procured.

fond mothers ever, when they return from abroad. 'Twas but a scanty meal and soon over, and our appetites were but whetted by the lammy-loaves, which may God render an hundred-fold to that good dame.

"Ye are starving, then, all three?" the butter-woman said, amazed, on which I did aver that for fourteen hours neither Fleurie nor I had broken fast. And 'twas worse yet with Frölich, for the stout Bernese had had in a long day but one draught of cognac with two oranges and the half of a little sugar-loaf, which were conferred upon him by a spice-seller* whom he did happily encounter.

Notwithstanding, we were not wholly destitute of money, if ye remember, but money is not all-powerful in such disordered times, and the common saying lies in its throat.† When, therefore, we did pass before the sign of the Franche-Marguerite, great was my desire to stay there if but for a quarter-hour, and I was fain to take the scot on myself, would my comrades but bide and eat. But the butter-woman

* *Épicier d'enfer.* The people christened thus those strolling merchants who sold pepper, ginger, and other spices which were hot upon the tongue.

† An allusion to the old proverb, "Amour fait moult, mais argent fait tout."

said very hastily that the thought was of the foul fiend's prompting, for the host of that inn was an ill fellow, a most notorious hypocrite, and an enraged hater of all of the Religion. Moreover, this hostelry of Vaugirard, where the idle swaggerers of Saint-Germain and Hurepoix were wont to meet to guzzle the glib new wine,* was ever a haunt of good-for-noughts who did spend their days in the shade of a taproom, and their nights in ambuscade by the roadside to plunder unlucky wayfarers. They would do us a thousand harms; and it were best to hasten onward to the Trouse-Galant,† midway to Vanvres, where was an honest hostess, a gossip of her own, albeit the hostelry had so foul a name. We followed them to this rustic inn, which is, methinks, the ban-tavern‡ of the priory, and as

* *Martiner.* This is Cotgrave's definition, and the word comes from the custom of the French to begin on Martinmas Day, November 11, to drink the new wine of the year, which is at first called "*le doux-glissant.*"

† *Trouse-galant.* This was in fact a sinister name for an inn, for so was called a kind of plague which carried off a great number of victims in Paris and in the provinces. It was contagious, and raged about the year 1546.

‡ *Taverne-bannière.* The inn where the lord of that part might sell the new wine forty days before any other person was allowed to do so. The village of Vanvres was at

our kind guide had to go as far as Clamart, and loved not to linger on the way, we did but hastily quaff with her a half-bottle of light wine, of which she would but sip, saying we had need of all our money for ourselves if we were long time in the outskirts of Paris, and that it were well to take some nourishment here. 'Twas my own counsel also ; and so presently we did take leave of this most charitable countrywoman, whom I blessed from a full heart, while she did embrace the "blonde damsel," and commended us to her Saint-Julien ; and see now what custom is ! for she knew us to be of the Religion. Then as we ventured not to remain in the common room, open to every one that chanced to pass that way, we sat down to rest and to eat beneath a trellis in the close, covered with a fair climbing flower, where at last with grateful hearts we did devour a wholesome meal, great household loaves, sweet radishes, the good cheese of Brie, and abundance of fresh water to allay our thirst withal.

'Twas with a lightened heart that I beheld how Fleurie cheered exceedingly, and her pale cheeks took on their natural red once more,

 this time a priory, dependent on the Abbey of Saint-Germain.

while she related to us, as she ate, how the beldames of the Rue du Bac had first demanded of her that she should recite the Oremus and the Angelus (guess if she would do this !) before they would give her the half-cup of curded milk, and the two medlars which was the ordinary supper of the nuns. Thereupon the three Discretes, perceiving that she was of the Religion, did make threat to scourge her, and she was thrust into the "Silence," while she wept and struggled within the hands of those scarecrow hags. And with other worse things was she menaced, unless she did promise to bend her stubborn knees, and to abjure her heresies before another day should pass. Moreover, the sister who bore the keys, pushing her within the pitch-black hole whence I did rescue her, had said to her in a most fearful voice: "Repent, sinner! for this night thy soul shall be required of thee." But I do doubt me if these trifles, which did move me to weeping, will touch you as nearly, and it concerns you but to know how we did at last succeed in attaining safety. 'Twas a miracle of God I do avow! for 'tis perilous to go through the wood when the wolves are starving, and ye have heard oft enow how many poor fugitives from the Matins lay with their

faces to the sun on all the highways of France ; and this not only on the days that first followed the massacres, but for a month and more after that feast of Saint-Barthélemy, of execrable memory, of which I will but say, the vengeance be the Lord's !

But ye must not think we tarried long thus conversing, for 'twas above all things needful to gain the highway to Orleans ; across the waste ground and pastures of Montrouge and in all the outskirts of Paris we were at the hazard of an hundred ill encounters ; either of the armed vagabonds who are ever lurking to do evil, or of the archers of the *Prévôt* who had been sent abroad in all parts, to hunt down the wretches fleeing across the country seeking to escape from the natives of Paris. But so forlorn and woebegone were we that these latter found no reason to detain us, and they who live by preying upon the wayfarer would have had little thought of any profit in our assault.

Frölich, in quitting the *Trousse-Galant*, did provide himself with a great worn-out pouch which the hostess had filled for a few carolus, with abundance of coarse bread, dried fish, boiled turnips and carrots, and other scraps and remnants of the yesterday's food.

'Twas the kind countrywoman who had done us this good office, commanding us to her gossip, the mistress of that inn. Moreover, the lusty Swiss carried an old scythe which the hostess had taken once in payment from a rakehelly sot who had no money, and which she did exchange to him for the eighth part of a crown-piece. Next I followed, still turbanned with my linen bandage, and at my heels walked Fleurie, whom ever and anon I did stay a little to aid, inly beseeching God to have compassion on the poor young maid, whose attire was by this time much disordered. Howbeit, some women, even in utter misery, do possess a certain air of dainty comeliness, and this one, whom I do confess it pleased me to look upon, was much bettered since she had broken fast and rested somewhat beneath yon trellis.

"Truly, Master Nicklaus," she said to me, and laughed, beholding my fine estate, "one of us is no richer than the other. 'Who nought has, nought can lose.' "

I made answer, putting on a bold face to give her courage; for I told myself, this damsel whom God hath given into my care hath no dependence left but me; if I faint and bewail myself, certes she will despair; so I bent

myself to comfort her. “Be of good cheer! who serves God, hath a good master.”

Next we held our course past Montrouge, a ruinous, burnt, and wasted village, nought left therein but the château and the ancient house of the Guillemins,* whose great walls do still endure. By midday, we had reached only to Bourg-la-Reine, for Fleurie went but slowly† beneath the ardent sun of noon. Fain would I have plucked my other dear companion from his sorrow, but Mariotte’s poor brother was lost in sad thoughts, and went ever with head hanging, through thicket and plain, more mute than any red-legged dove within its cage, so low his grief had brought him.

“Nay, now,” we said to him, “haply she for whom you grieve has escaped as we—as others—have; and it may be that some honest soul, like the two or three God hath given us grace of meeting in this Gomorrah, will take pity on your deserted sister.”

But Navarre shook his head, and ye should have seen how the tears welled from his eyes

* The Guillemins of Montrouge had, long before, transported themselves to Paris, where the common people gave them the name of “white-mantles.”

† “*À pieds laineux.* Slowly, as a sick person walks in slippers.”—COTGRAVE.

and wetted his yellow beard; then the poor youth turned his head aside, lest we should see too clearly how he did despair.

From Bourg-la-Reine, where we stayed awhile, resting in the shadow of the *Maison des Ladres*,* we followed the course of the stream,† seeking so to avoid the most-travelled ways. Then we crossed over the bridge of Anthony, when the sight of the fair fruit that swung with the wind upon the gallows-tree made us haste back to the highway once more, for Fleurie, being country bred, was not used, as we old beaten soldiers, to look without winking on those hanged in chains, and while she hurried away at all speed and kept ever close at my side, she was, I do bethink me, well-nigh undone by this first horrid sight of them.

The highway of Orleans on which we were faring is, as ye know, the accustomed road of all wagoners, business folk, and country hinds coming from *Gaténais*, *Hurepoix*, and *La Beauce*, or returning unto those places from the great city. These do go ordinarily in company, and travel in troops together, some with muskets,

* *La maison des Ladres* was a house for lepers, which, destroyed in 1564, was rebuilt by Charles IX. and used as a hospital.

† The *Bièvre*.

the better to defend themselves, now from the insolence of men-at-arms, and again from the attacks of thieves and cut-purses. Strolling beggars also, with cripples, and varlet pilgrims go ever on this highway, in such great bands. But since that fatal feast of Saint-Barthélemy, many a wretch fled solitary on that road; women also, and young children, with neither horse, nor goods, nor victuals. Every one went at hap-hazard with head down bent; none took note if a wounded fellow lay, haply, in the path; none gave "God save you" to those they met, as is ever the custom in France; ask, else, of any who hath been in that country. "Who says Frenchman, says courteous man," the world-wide proverb is; but then, I trow, was courtesy forgot in this common rout and misery.

At Longjumeau we adventured no delay, for all the dwellings of the place were shut fast, and every miscreant of the village lay in wait on the banks of the Juine for all distressed wayfarers, seeking to plunder them, or, at least, to give them Saint-Etienne's* welcome in passing.

At Linas, which is but one single lodgment,

* In allusion to the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, who was stoned to death.

and hath rather the air of a cut-throat den than a royal post-house, needs must we make halt because of our gentle and outworn comrade. The sun was sinking to its setting behind the hill while we reposed upon the grass, and its shining yellow rays still illumined the green turf, the fallow ground, and the hostelry at a little distance from us, where we could behold travellers moving about, stable-lads hurrying with corn, beggars, and wagoners.

While we were idly noting one thing and another, came along a pretty fellow who did seem of gentle birth, albeit he was a-foot, and without a mantle, like any soldier's boy. For all baggage he held within his hand some great spurred riding-boots; seeing which, I doubted much if he were not another poor wretch escaping from the Matins; and me seemed it was the thought also of the woman who came to serve him a draught of wine at the door of the inn, for she did look on him as he drank with a villainous unkind eye. Howbeit, when he had quaffed his wine, I do suppose that this young gentleman demanded of the servant if for good silver he might not haply be served with some little nag, or even a pack-horse, to get to Étampes withal; but the shrewish woman said, "they gave no post-horses

for the space of three days but by order of the King,* and 'twas an evil hour to be in haste."

The youth, hearing this, would have got on his way again, and at faster than a foot-pace, believe me! but the servant began loudly to hoot and to revile him; whereat a gouty-legged man did open a glass-window in the lower story, and we beheld this traitor take aim with an arquebus at the poor runaway. But the Lord be praised! the shot attained him not, for which the foul miscreant blasphemed mightily, and all the villains who looked on said 'twas great pity, for Maitre Renard, the tavern-keeper, had shot his good half-dozen already on that day.

"And so," I thought, dumb with terror, "here is the fowler's net spread for the bird-catching; are we thus ever to behold death on our traces? God forfend!" And (having no plantain in our shoes†) ye need not be

* "Such order had been given in Paris and in the country round about, that no one was able to take post to give warning to his friends; 'twas needful to have leave and passport from the comptroller-general," etc.—*Etat de France*.

† "It was a superstition among the common people, that one could make himself invisible by placing, at dawn, some plantain-leaves and three grains of salt under the sole of his left foot."—*Discours d'Étrapel*.

told that we went presently away at all speed from that foul place, where, had it been according to our wishes, we had never for a moment stopped. But Fleurie could walk now but by painful effort, so that the earliest stars were shining overhead when we were midway between Linas and Mont Chéry, in the cleft of a valley which the road doth traverse. 'Twas a peaceful lonely spot, and nought to be heard save the trickling fall of a little brook, on whose borders we sank down, sheltered and hidden by the hazels that lined the bank.

Ah, what was our happiness, escaped from a frenzied city, where, for the space of more than threescore hours we had seen nought but devils incarnate, and martyrs in their last agony, to find by mere chance this perfumed nest amid green branches; to smell the sweet woodland odors, and to behold the diapered turf, the crystal waters, the deep blue of the heavenly vault, and all those treasures of God which our eyes, so parched with misery, could not sufficiently feed upon.

While my young travelling companion laved her face and dimpled arms, and then her small white feet in the fair sparkling water, I believe Navarre did fall asleep upon the grass, beside

his great scythe and his heavy wallet ; but I was, as it were, bewitched, and my eye dwelt ever on Fleurie, who being thus refreshed and restored, came and sat beside me, and began to prink her long locks, as maidens love to do. Meanwhile I discoursed with her touching the good hap of our encounter, and the mercy of God, whose eye taketh note of the storm-beaten sparrow, so that we twain could say in the words of the Psalmist, “I will sing of Thy power, O God ; yea, I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning, for Thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.” And then—I will confess it, though it concerns not my hearers—did we embrace in that discreet green bower.

’Twas but a kiss ! yet methought Fleurie withdrew herself from me with a saddened and pensive air. It irked me much that she should have distrust of me, and I spoke to her as an honest man might do, and we gave one another our pledged faith that we would become true husband and true wife if the Lord did save us in our extremity, and would be blessed and wedded in one of our own churches.

“ Good lack !” will cry some who are over fond of prating, “ here is a business soon set in

order! hardly two days' acquaintance, and already speech of marriage!"

But I would have such malaperts to know that the Reîtres of Mansfeld have never loved to sound the fort before crossing the river; also, that my heart spoke in no doubtful accent; and as for Fleurie, 'tis sooth that she had already read in mine eyes what my feelings were; and note ye, besides, this argument, none of you good folk were there to give us counsel, and we were young.

"'Tis a fair promise,"* my maid said, holding out her hand to me.

"As God is witness," I made reply.

* "Promises of marriage given between marriageable persons and accompanied by *paroles de présent* are indissolubles."—*General Acts of the 15th National Synod*.

"According to La Rousse these 'paroles de présent' were usually given in presence of a notary, but this is probably an error. 'It was customary between betrothed lovers,' says J. Galiffe, 'to exchange pieces of money. When a young woman who had come to years of discretion had accepted presents from a man who had asked her in marriage, she was bound to espouse him; at least it was so after the year 1545.'"—*Genève Historique*.

"Promises of marriage, even verbal ones—provided that they were accompanied by the exchange of presents—were still (in the eighteenth century) considered an engagement which could not be broken."—*Mœurs Genevoises*.

Then I did offer her a fair white teston* from our store, and in return Fleurie gave me license to loose the buckle from the black ribbon that encircled her white throat. And when I did so, clumsily enough, she said, smiling and turning her head aside, that I was but unapt at it, and in sooth I was long busied therat!

I do remember that the last gleams in the western sky had faded, but we had forgot the hour and our sad estate, when Frölich awoke and demanded if we were minded to remain in that spot all the night long. I answered him, proposing to continue awhile on the road to Étampes, for the night was very light with stars, and Fleurie averred that she could go on for an hour more, or, haply, two. Thereupon we quitted our green covert, and, believe me, ye gray-beards who have felt your own hearts leap in youth (since every dog hath his day†), to this hour I do sometimes bethink me of that unknown resting-place.

Howbeit, enow and mayhap more than enow of these dalliances. 'Twas some hundred paces this side of Montlhéry, whose sinister great

* *Teston.* A piece of silver worth about eighteen pence, English money.

† "Toute chatte a son février."

ruined tower o'erlooked the way, that we had a fresh alarm, for cries for help came plainly to our ears, and a little after we did behold two men approaching us upon the highway and running at utmost speed, as if they had so made shift to slip through an ambuscado. Very terror-stricken did they seem, and called to us that they had an aged comrade still behind them, very sore bested. At their words Navarre did toss me his wallet, and saying that he could but die, the valiant fellow hurried back into the darkness, shouting and yelling, as do ever the Swiss in going to an assault, so that he alone did seem to be a half-score of men.

“Let us follow him,” quoth Fleurie, drawing me along. “*La-Merci-Dieu-vilains!*”* she said to those other two who kept zealously at our heels—“White-livered knaves! little is your succor worth, thus to have left a comrade behind ye!”

The man we sought was not far off, engaged with three varlets who had already despoiled him of his wallet and would full soon have stripped him to his shirt, or even worse, had

* *La-merci-Dieu-vilains.* “A form of oath used by women,” says Cotgrave.

we not come to the rescue. But Navarre had given them, methinks, a proper fright, for the robbers, seeing him come running with his great scythe and horribly yelling, esteemed they had to do with some goblin or devil or Robin Goodfellow, and, waiting for no more, did plunge into the thickets that bordered on the way.

“Are you hurt, friend?” I asked, when we had arrived at the traveller.

The moon, that was on the wane, had now risen over the lonely fields, and I could perceive that 'twas an old man of very honest mien; albeit he was clad in a tattered gaberdine, like a poor lackey. But on his replying to me, conceive my joy at recognizing him for Maitre Despina,* whom I had more than once beheld in our assemblies. This good minister (who was a great councillor of our late Queen†) knew me also, and, praising God for this encounter, he related to me how the Lord had

* “Jean de l'Espine. This theologian, born in Anjou, about 1506, had embraced Protestantism at the time of the Colloquy of Poissy. After having officiated in the churches of Fontenay-le-Comte, La Rochelle, and Provins, he came to Paris some years before the massacre of Saint-Bartholomew, from which he escaped by a miracle.”—LA ROUSSE.

† Jeanne de Navarre.

preserved him from all harm, saving a couple of shrewd pinches, but 'twas small matter, and doubtless (he said) even the knaves who plundered him had shewn some tenderness in dealing with him.

"Believe it not, monsieur," said one of the twain who had shown such a fair pair of heels; "these starveling villagers be even worse than the curs of the city; since the Reîtres and the Gascons have despoiled all the country round about, for two sous they would slay an angel of God could they but compass it."

Fain would I have cuffed the mouth of that jangling boor for speaking thus of the honest Reîtres,* but we had other business toward; and M. Despina being a little restored and breathed again after this adventure, we went on our way again, in his company.

When we had reached Châtre all the lodgments seemed sunk in slumber, and our little troop† essayed to find shelter in an empty sheep-cote, not far from the highway, where for the remainder of the night they might

* Nicolas Muss speaks of the Reîtres as "les Harnais-noirs," by which name they were popularly known.

† *Mesnie*. Household company (*ménage*).

"La mesnie à Maître Michault,
Tant plus y en a et moins vaut."

sleep who listed, and forget their wretchedness for a little space. 'Twas but little I could sleep for my part, but my maid and I seated ourselves by M. Despina, who now prayed fervently aloud to God, and anon exhorted us to patiently endure all these tribulations.

The next day—'twas Wednesday, and the 27th—we were afoot at peep of dawn, and on our way to Estrechy, where we made a light repast with the victuals we had, sheltered behind a thicket; for all things are in common at times like those, and there our chicken-hearted companions did leave us, for their path lay elsewhere. Howbeit, I will not weary you with account of this delay, when, nathless, we did find leisure enow to listen awhile to M. Despina as he related to us, with tears, how the Demoiselle d'Yverny,* with whom he had long dwelt, had fled away from her lodging on that Sunday morning—albeit against his counsel—and how he had attended her amid her perils, hoping to conduct her and her little daughter

* Françoise de Longuejoue, daughter of the Demoiselle d'Yverny, was saved by Marcel, say the authors of *La France Protestante*. This orphan married, in after-years, Robert de Harlay-Sanci, and was made governess of the royal children, from which fact it seems probable that she did not continue in the Reformed faith.

to the Hôtel de l'An,* where they haply should find refuge. But God in his wisdom had decreed it otherwise, for in the Rue Saint-Leufroy (and hearing this I did swift bethink me of the poor young dame in her red slippers) he had been separated from his hostess, who was pursued by a world of miscreants while he remained behind in a narrow corner, still holding by her hand the weeping child. 'Twas by a true miracle of God he had conducted her safely to the city, and by good hap the Prévôt Marcel, making his rounds with a troop of armed burghers, had taken compassion on that innocent who was calling upon her mother so that the heart was torn to hear it. As to M. Despina, beholding there no asylum for himself, he did by hazard find lodging for a few hours in the quarter of the university with a worthy innkeeper of the Rue Saint-Jacques.

"The Rue Saint-Jacques!" Frölich cried out,

* The Hôtel de l'An, or rather, de Laon, was the temporary dwelling of Renée de France, Duchess of Ferrara, who saved a great number of the persecuted Protestants. Several of them quitted Paris with this princess and followed her in all her journey.

See the diary of the chaplain, M. Merlin. The Hôtel de Laon was near the church of the Augustins.

and stood still upon the way ; then demanded, with great emotion, if 'twas at the Plat-d'Étain.

The minister answered with an astonished air that 'twas, in effect, at that poor dwelling, from which he was forced to trust himself to fortune once again, for the house was forced and sacked by the populace, an hour before midnight, on that same Sunday.

“ Ah, monsieur,” poor Frölich said, trembling as one doth in fever-fit, “ heard you there aught of a young German maid, most sweet-faced, and not above the middle height, who, for her woe and mine, served at that inn ? ”

The good minister started with pity at this inquiry, and did seem to hesitate to unburden himself of sinister tidings ; but the other insisted, saying 'twas his sister whom he sought, and that in all the world he had nought beside ; whereon M. Despina took him by the hand, and pointing upward to heaven, said, greatly moved, that all hope of her recovery lay in God our Heavenly Father ; that 'twas but for a space true friends were parted, so that all pure affection and unblemished friendship was, by God's grace, in no wise lost. The poor Swiss understood not, I ween, what this discourse but too clearly meant—yet had he more brains than a woodcock—but out on 't ! he was sore

troubled, and a most simple-hearted youth, and the kind voice that spoke to him of hope allayed his pain a little, albeit he had no understanding of the words.

'Twas at midday we came in sight of Étampes, for ye must know that we had made encounter on the way of a vendor of Holland cloth whose wagon, with its great blue tamine cover, had sunk deep into a quaking bog, so that the poor merchant had stayed long in that mire had we not lent our aid. And after that we had helped him out of his ill-hap he pressed Fleurie to mount upon his wagon, all piled with merchandise. 'Twas a great comfort to our serving-damsel, who ne'er before had travelled thus afoot. Howbeit, the linen-vendor, who was plump and short of limb, with ruddy visage, and having a goodly long nose, said to us, jesting, that he would do as much to pleasure a maid as any pretty fellow at a fair. This merry companion did us ere long a good office on entering the town, for all the gates had guards extraordinary, and all the vagabonds of the five parishes* followed, hooting and hissing us poor wayfarers as soon as the portcullis had clapped down behind us.

* The five parishes of Étampes are, Saint-Basile, Saint-Giles, Saint-Martin, Saint-Pierre, and Saint-Jean.

In every part were the doors and casements of them of the Religion tight shut, the streets were vacant of decent folk, and those of the baser sort made riot and cried to one another that the sport was to begin anew. But the ruddy linen-vendor and his cart were well known in this place, where every week he came, as he told us, and the villains who did scent their prey must needs let us go free, beholding us of his company.

But 'tis well said that 'tis folly to crow being yet in the wood, and we had yet at our heels a certain toll-gatherer's clerk, speaking through his nose,* and clad in zizolin,† who busied himself in taking the names of all wayfarers that he might inscribe them in a list. Great coil made this Friend Cloven-foot,‡ but the little merchant asked him somewhat briskly if he knew him not for Maître Rudesseau? saying also that he was pledge for the rest of us whom he was taking to his own inn, A l'Ange, in the parish of Saint-Giles.

* "Parler regnault. Speaking through the nose, so called from the noise of young foxes yelping," says Cotgrave.

† Zizolin was a violet-purple color.

‡ *Compagnon du pied fourchée.* An ironical allusion to the tax on all cloven-footed animals which entered a walled town.

“Look ye,” the toll-gatherer said, with a snarling laugh, “we shall find you the easier if they in the city have need of you to-day.”

These sinister words did give us pause, for ‘twas plain to see what was the temper of the townsfolk, and that some villainous scheme was toward, which might be ripe for action ere the day was done. This conjecture, which M. Despina did secretly impart to our guide, made us determine, after hastily refreshing ourselves, to depart forthwith from Étampes, where all Germans, as I discovered to Frölich, were most particularly endangered.* Howbeit, the linen-vendor, who had unbridled here, and needs must stay awhile for his affairs, was most anxious to see us safe beyond the gates and on the road to Orleans, saying that he was fain to save us from Saint-Médard’s evil,† and the falling sickness of the rope; “for,” quoth he, “’tis little pleasure to be hung if one be not well wonted thereto.” We did, therefore, remain with him, nor did he leave us till we were

* “In 1562 the Prince de Condé had garrisoned Étampes with a part of the troops Dandolot had brought from Germany; and during the six weeks that they remained in that town they gave the inhabitants, and above all the ecclesiastics, much annoyance and real suffering.”—BAYLE.

† *Mal de Saint-Médard.* Imprisonment.

beyond the walls the distance of a half-score arquebus-shots. May God pour blessings on that good Jolly-John vendor of Holland! Well it pleases me to remember his ruddy, smiling visage! For truly in three days so many villainies had we seen, such brigandage and horrible excesses, so many miscreants forgetting any fear of God and rushing headlong upon all manner of evil, that we must have sunk beneath the tempest if the Lord had not ever and anon sent us some pitying soul full of gentleness, as such there be, to His glory, even when all the gates of hell seem loosed upon the hapless earth.

The country where our way next took us was all fair meadows which the Juine doth water, with pleasant hillsides planted with vines, whereon the sun shone sweetly; fruit-trees, thatched cots, green winding footpaths, and rustic gardens fit for husbandry. But, in sooth, mortal warfare* had passed over it, and

* *La mauvaise guerre.* By this was designated warfare *à outrance*: cold-blooded murders, rapine, burning, and pillage. All parties complained of such excesses and none were exempt from them. D'Aubigné says: "Thereupon he held horrible discourse touching more than four thousand cruel murders and tortures of such device as I had never conceived of; and he told me that the only way to

in these fair cantons burned dwellings were to behold, broken enclosures, and mills blackened and in ruins. Alack! eggs are not to be fried without first breaking, and the red scarves* spared that fair country of France no more than the white or the yellow ones. But the highway to Orleans was too parlous, so that we shunned it, yet kept ever by its side, crossing fields and commons, and ever and anon hastily concealing ourselves within the bushes at the sound of horses' trot or the clang of arms; and sometimes also coming upon the Clerks of Saint-Nicholas,† who were oft insolent enough to cry to us to stop and pay them toll.

“ ‘Sdeath!’ I said to Frölich, “ these country boobies would fain pass for good onions and are not chives even; well would they be put to it did we but stand to them as they bid us!”

“ Shall we not charge them?” Frölich de-

put a stop to the barbarities of an enemy was to return them more barbarously still.”

Such were the morals generally admitted at the time of the civil wars.

* *Les écharpes rouges.* Charles IX. used red scarves for his soldiers at the beginning of the civil wars; the livery of this monarch was wholly of this color. White scarves were the badges of the French Huguenots, and yellow scarves of the German Reitres.

† Highway robbers.

manded, ever ready for the fray as if he heard the drum-beat of the Swiss ; but I pointed to Fleurie and the aged minister—what had those feeble ones done without our aid ? And so we went on our way as far as Mondésir, where, perceiving some five or six armed cavaliers drinking the stirrup-cup before the royal posting-house, we took a cross - road which should lead us to the village not far distant—so said a lad whom we met at the turn.

During this evening halt in the solitary canton, where, by God's grace, came none to disturb us, M. Despina, like a good shepherd who tends gently the sick lambs, did hold much converse with Navarre, whom from the first he had taken in great compassion, meseemed from some secret reason of which God alone knew the mystery. The brave fellow did put all trust in the minister, in return, as do the simple-hearted of this world and also the little children of it, who need not much encouragement to give their hearts wholly to a new friend. As they fared onward together, while Fleurie and I followed behind them, Frölich related to the good minister how that he had been orphaned very young and left in charge of the sister for whom he sorrowed, albeit he had not yet lost, methought, all assurance of

finding her even in this world. 'Twas an industrious, good girl, whom he had bred up in the fear of God, and loving him so dear that she could not bring herself to remain behind when he did determine—as many another young fellow from Berne—to journey to France and support the cause of our persecuted churches there. Thus Mariotte had followed her brother to La Rochelle on the counsel of a notable lord of Berne, agent of Messieurs de Châtillon. For the evangelical cantons sent not openly their people to the service of the Cause,* but secretly and ever ready to disavow them. Such be the needs of state-craft! Frölich had taken service in the Guards of Navarre while they were yet well-nigh wholly made up of the Béarnais, whom the coxcombs of Paris did name the King's Colliers.† While the troops were in

* While thousands of Catholic Swiss fought openly in the royal army, the Protestant cantons disavowed and prohibited all enrolment in the army of the princes; and the massacre of Saint-Bartholomew did not rouse the lords of Berne and Zurich from this pendent course of action. Indeed, after the massacre it was made a capital crime to take service for the Cause, so much did those cantons fear lest the same tempest should break on them.

† *Les Charbonniers du Roi.* The regiment of Navarre was established in the year 1562, according to Père Daniel. "The young king had four hundred men of Béarn

the field, Mariotte had found housing at La Rochelle, whence, after the peace of Saint-Germain and by counsel of her brother, who beat his breast mightily for that same counsel now, she had come, like so many more, to behold the royal fêtes at Paris, and had taken service there at the Plat-d'Étain.

“My friend,” the minister said, softly, “wouldst thou indeed deem it thy fault and not the will of God if aught of ill had befallen thy poor Mariotte in that house wherein thou didst leave her?”

“I know not, monsieur,” the other made answer, sadly, “and I will leave that to you to decide, who better can than I. But, alas! my heart doth bleed and breaketh to think how I have fled away from that danger and left my dear sister therein, who haply even now is calling on me from that carnage with none to aid her.”

for his guard, who were yclept ‘les Charbonniers du Roi,’ because they went ever clad in the fashion of their own country, in a short brown sleeveless coat, which they called *capat*.”—DANIEL.

Let us add that in the popular parlance these Béarnais were “the Swiss of King Henry;” this word being even then synonymous with guard. Not only had the two kings “Swiss” in their liveries, but the Duke of Anjou as well.

Fleurie wept, and her little hand trembled within mine own while we hearkened to these words, which none indeed could have heard, methinks, without a tear. M. Despina seemed greatly moved by them, and did hesitate as the leech doth when he must lay the hot iron to a gangrened wound. Then, stopping in his walk and taking Navarre in both his arms, he said to that unhappy brother that he must think no more on the earthly welfare of her for whom he wept; that God had called her, and he himself was witness that Mariotte had entered into her rest, having had the happiness to soften and console the last agony of her, a martyr, whose last farewell he had received.

“My soul walketh in darkness,” cried Navarre, and as a mighty oak falls beneath the tempest’s stroke, so did the valiant halberdier bow heavily to the ground while we bent the knee beside him, beseeching God.

Now of that fervent prayer I will not speak, albeit I do seem to myself yet to hear the voice of the aged minister. But what are words in the repeating! ’Tis during time of trial that faith upholds and love comforts us, and they who ne’er have lost or suffered—and I trow they be but few!—know not how great a strength and sweetness lies in prayer.

'Twas for a long time after set of sun that we did remain thus hearkening to the holy man in that solitude, where He who said "Call upon Me in the day of trouble" poured forth His infinite grace and raised that fainting heart. Then, when the first outburst of Navarre's grief was o'er, it was needful to bestir ourselves again, to reach Monarville, whence we were still distant enow. Meanwhile Frölich did beseech of M. Despina that he would relate the whole tale of his misfortunes, nothing omitting, and assuring him he had strength to hear it; but ye can bethink ye whether the witness of those deeds abridged or no the lamentable history. Mariotte, hasting away with the minister through the Rue Saint-Jacques while the populace plundered and sacked the Plat-d'Étain, had been struck in the breast by a pistol-shot, fired, who knows! at hazard by some young unthrift from the Rue des Fossés. At this an honest woman did set her door ajar, upon the cries of the old man, and received them both into her lodgment, where the dying maiden did till dawn remain, suffering not much, she assured her companion at divers times. And so, magnifying the name of the Lord, whose ways are not as our ways, Mariotte had perished, calling blessings and bene-

dictions upon her brother, whose name she was yet softly whispering when the first rose of dawn gave color to the cheek whose own red never would return.

“So young! in her April!” Frölich groaned, and ‘twas clear to see how the sad tale did bring again the tempest of his grief.

“Friend,” said our guide, “what is this earthly life, so steeped in bitterness, but a time of vexation, disappointment, and fruitless labor for most, and suffering for all? What is that springtime of youth which thou regretttest for her thou hast loved, but a fleeting gift which but few years had taken from her! Wilt thou say that there be great joys here below? Truly I, who have tasted them, may not disavow them. But ‘tis a vapor that vanisheth away, and those earthly pleasures of which we speak, methinks are but the flowers of the thorn which a breath doth scatter, but the spines remain.”

“Look,” he went on, after a silence; “if our tears might call back to life those for whom they were shed, still ought we rather to restrain them, lest to content our own desire we plunge again into calamity the dear souls whom God by His grace hath made free.”

“But to hear her voice—to see her no more!”

the simple lad made lament, and in his voice we heard his anguish.

“They whom we weep have but gone before; we shall go to them;” and the minister was so moved as he did speak, ’twas but hardly we could hear the words.

“Now am I alone forever!”

“Not so, my child; the Lord is ever near to the afflicted; He doth listen to their cry and comforts them; He doth sustain their steps and guide their way; and He doth keep them from despair.”

Thus did the worthy minister wean our companion from his sorrow, bidding him think upon the prophet-king who wept his son, and how God had compassion on him. But enough; nor can I, if I would, repeat that moving discourse.

“My children,” said our guide in Christ, turning round to us who followed, listening, “we ought to be in this earthly life like a prisoner resigned and not chafing in his cell, who yet, seeing the sweet light in the east through one small window, doth wait with eager desire on the hour of his deliverance.”

By this hour the shadows did hem us in, and night brooded over those unpeopled plains, insomuch that we were in doubt lest we had

missed our way, and Monarville lay behind us. What was to be done in that strange, doubtful country? I did deem it safest to pass the night under the clear stars, the more that we were again foot-weary, and Fleurie well-nigh spent. So, having no better counsel, we did lie down in shelter of a stack of hay, such as are frequent in the fields at this season of the year.

During those long and silent hours of darkness fatigue did at divers times overpower me, and I profoundly slept, I do confess, albeit I was still much troubled in mind concerning Fleurie, who, truly, complained not, yet who was, methought, distressed. What is to become of us? I asked myself in those intervals of waking. Too well I perceived that 'twas no more possible to reach Châtillon-sur-Loing; nay, putting the case that 'twere possible, going thus afoot and slowly, as my companion made it needful, to find our way thither, 'twas not to be believed that they who had slain the old eagle, and would essay to pluck his young ones from the nest, were not already before us. Therefore I had no longer any hope of saving the children of my late dear lord; but God He knoweth what ardent wish thereto was mine!

“Reître,” answered me M. Despina, to whom

I did confide these my doubts and anguish, “ ‘tis evident God hath not destined thee to this great service, but His will be thine ! happily some other will have done the task thou thoughtest to do, and saved those orphans* as the daughter of Joram and Jehoiada the priest saved Joash and hid him in the house of the Lord for six whole years.” And when I did next frankly avow to him what was in my

* “ Ye may conceive what afflictions and torments were ours ! but God abandons not his own, and he raised up for our assistance one named Pontchartrain, whom we had known not of, dwelling near Châtillon. We were wrapped in old rags the better for our disguise; no one might recognize us therein. And in this garb we came to kiss the hands of Madame l’Amirale before we set forth upon our way in God’s keeping. And having admonished us of our duty, she gave us, my cousin Laval, my brother Dandelot, and me, into the hands of that aforenamed gentleman, and with many tears we left behind that good mother and that beloved house.”—Quoted by Bouchet in his *Life of Colligny*, from a manuscript of the elder M. de Châtillon.

“ The two young fugitives whom Pontchartrain conducted to Mulhouse reached at last Geneva by Bâle, Berne, and Coppet. Having heard of Madame Dandelot’s arrival at Bâle, they went, not long after, to join her there.”—*La France Protestante*.

“ The third son, who was but seven years old, a most sweet infant and the treasure of his father’s heart, was captured, and learned in tender infancy to bear the cross of Christ.” (He was forced to abjure.)—*D’AUBIGNÉ*.

mind touching Fleurie, "Thinkest thou 'twas for nought," he said again, "that the Lord put in thy keeping the poor damsel who lies here sleeping? 'Tis my belief ye are to share one destiny; and since there is no one of our cities of refuge from which we are not a long way distant, methinks it were the best for you twain, as also for me, to betake yourselves to Montargis, where Madame de Ferrara is much respected by the townsfolk."

"That will we, then, if it please God," I made reply; "but what will be your counsel for my companion here?" and saying this I did show him Frölich crouched upon the ground, yet not asleep, but following with a pensive eye the infinite splendors of the Voie-Saint-Jacques,* as if seeking some mystic abiding-place in those depths of thick-set stars.

"The Lord will direct his steps," he whom I did interrogate made answer, softly. "It is written: 'He maketh sore and bindeth up; He woundeth and His hands make whole.' 'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and He will command light to shine out of the darkness.' Then the minister did urge me to take some repose, since it was agreed

* The Milky Way.

upon to set forth again upon our way at the earliest light of dawn, and midnight was already past.

When the chill of the morning woke me from my slumber, a great band of saffron was spread across the east, and the last stars were twinkling pale above our heads. M. Despina and Navarre were seated side by side, discoursing in confidence, and meseemed that the godly man was still continuing his excellent exhortations. "Good friend," he said to Navarre, "the flowers of the field do find again their perfumed breath after the tempest; may it be with us likewise, and may our faith and our hope send a sweet savor to God after this trial, for an example to all men." Then he added, "Beseech thee, say to thyself, God hath taken away her whom I loved, so that I may henceforth consecrate my affection to Him alone. Too closely was I held to earth by the root which He hath now lopped away, that where my treasure is there shall my heart be also."

Meanwhile Fleurie had joined us, and we joined in the prayer for those who travel by land or sea, following the usage of our Church. 'Twas the first time for four days that we could seek help of the Almighty without hav-

ing in our ears the din of murderous outcries and the sound of arquebus. Then our journey we began once more, and I plucked, as we went, some wilding apples and the little red fruit of the gooseberry, with which we made shift to breakfast, for truly our provisions were near at end, and hunger did gnaw us every one.

Half of the way to Anjarville was past when we did again find ourselves upon the Orleans highway, from which we had widely departed in the darkness. Here we beheld three men very vilely accoutred like ourselves, seated about a fire of branches nigh the edge of a thicket, and I did at first deem them to be poor, naked fugitives like as we ; yet not so was it, but even worse with them, for those poor souls, shaking their rattles,* cried out to us to keep a distance off, for that they were lepers coming from Orleans, where all was slaughter and pillage. At this we stood amazed, and looked from afar at those blanched wretches, who, flushed by the fire, were drinking and eating greedily, and all half-drunken. And one of them, showing us some jewels and

* *La crecelle.* Lepers who went abroad were obliged to make themselves known to those they met by a noise on the rattles they carried, which they called "*bois-croulant*."

crown-pieces which he drew by handfuls from his pockets, bade us hasten to the fair where they had gained them, for no life is a merry one saving the beggar's.

Bethink ye how we did haste away from those poor evil folk, and for many minutes thereafter no word was said among us, each of us being wrapt in his own sad thoughts, for 'twas not to be doubted longer that the carnage was everywhere, and Orleans an abode even more perilous than Étampes for us of the Religion. Howbeit, Navarre alone bore himself careless of this fresh calamity, and while the first daylight showed our faces anxious and haggard, this brave comrade had regained his calm, and his look wore an austere peace, as if already the hand of the Lord had anointed with healing his bleeding heart, and bound it up with some divinest hope.

When we had left behind us Anjarville, where we had broken fast, having some money for the scot, M. Despina said to us that if we were minded to go to Montargis, 'twere best to quit the highway and choose a little path to the left hand through Pithiviers, Château-landon, and mayhap the Abbey of Ferrière, since to advance further on the way to Orléans were but to run to our own destruction.

Then he made offer to Navarre to try this fortune with us, but he said nay very hastily, as if already determined to some secret purpose.

“What thinkest thou to do?” M. Despina demanded, and stood still to observe him.

“Monsieur,” Navarre made answer, “God hath shown me that 'tis to La Rochelle in Aunis I am to take my way.”

“God ha' mercy!” cried I, “what a distance!”

’Twas indiscreetly spoken, but it vexed me to hear him.

Howbeit, my Swiss maintained what he had said, though by nature not overfull of words. He averred the thought had come to him in the night that, ere long, there would be great need for true men-at-arms in all our cities of surety, and that, if it pleased God, he would fight at La Rochelle in the service of the Princes and the Cause. Moreover, it did please him to behold again the spot where his sister had dwelt, and where the kind folk who had sheltered and befriended her could talk with him of her and lament her loss; that, finally, he had no fear, but of a surety he was going to a glorious combat.

“Blessed is the man who trusts in the Lord,”

the minister said, regarding him most kindly, and then made particular inquiry, as a father might of a dear son, of Frölich's aims, and what had brought him, being destitute of all resources, to proceed thus hastily upon his enterprise. And while those twain held discourse concerning that long journey—through Vendôme and Tours and Poitiers—what places were to be shunned, what folk might be trusted for safety, there came into my memory M. Despina's last words in our talk of the night before, "The Lord will direct his steps!" Yea, verily, thought I, if we do but put our whole trust in Him; and I felt within myself a better hardihood and resolution, such wholesome lesson an example is.

"Maitre Nicklaus," Fleurie said, in a low voice, and plucked me by the sleeve, with an air of thoughtfulness, "is this country of Aunis, of which he speaks, more far than Angoulême?" And when I avowed to her I knew not, but that La Rochelle was very distant, "In sooth," she continued, "our comrade will have sore need of money before he attains to that place; needs must he be helped from our store." I was of that mind also, as ye may believe, and taking in my hand the little money that did yet remain to us, I was going to divide

it fairly, as brothers do their portion, but Fleurie (whose thought did ever outvalue mine) said 'twere best to relinquish the whole to him, since we were near the end of our journey, and he, poor lad, still on the threshold of his way.

And thus we did ; and because I knew full well that Navarre, proud and wilful as all the folk of Berne, would refuse to take aught of our money, and that the more to urge him would make his obstinacy to refuse the more, Fleurie did stealthily slip our little purse into the great wallet (grown lean, alas !) of our poor friend, exposed to a thousand dangers, and from whom we were so soon to part.

At the flight of a cannon-shot from Anjerville, the road to Orléans ascends a little hill,* whence the eye may range over all that open land. To the left is the way to Pithiviers, where it joins the high-road ; to the right is that of Châteaudun, by which, through forests and empty fields, one must go to seek Vendôme. Here a great blasted tree, like the accursed fig-tree of the gospel, lifted before us its blackened branches ; all the place was barren.

“ My friends,” said M. Despina, taking the

* *Erte*. An eminence in the country, and in consequence a place of keeping watch; whence *à l'erte*! or, now written, *alerte*!

hands of Frölich within his own, “here is our parting—”

More he would have said, I do believe, but he was not master of his pain; and, besides, what do words avail? Navarre and I did clasp one another, like true brothers of one blood and tried companions. What anguish had we known together! What perils had we passed! What common thoughts and memories were ours! Then, when he had taken leave of Fleurie, Frölich bent his knee piously before M. Despina, as one awaiting his viaticum.

“Go, my son,” the man of God said, extending his trembling hands over the head bent down. “The Lord preserve thee! the Lord have thy soul in His keeping. When thou shalt call upon Him, He will hear; when trouble shall overtake thee, He will be beside thee. ‘Be thou faithful unto death,’ saith the Eternal, ‘and I will give thee a crown of life.’”

So did we part—in this life a parting for evermore—and while M. Despina and Fleurie prayed together for the traveller, I watched him how he went across the fields, a strong and stalwart figure, whose green doublet, wallet, and great scythe I could long discern. Then he went from sight, and he who hath

lost a well-beloved brother knoweth what cracking of the heart-strings I did feel. But not long after we resumed our way.

The Reitre stopped, deep sunk in thought; his grizzled head resting on his lean brown hand, as if his tale were done and he cared to speak no more. Howbeit, they who had listened had desire to know further how the matter ended.

“And what was the rest of that parlous flight?” the boldest among the hearers asked, after long silence.

“We came safe unto Pithiviers, Châteaulandon, and Ferrière, where we did again lodge beneath the stars,” Maitre Nicklaus went on, like one awakening from a heavy dream, “and with God’s help we traversed the forest and arrived the next day, being the 29th of August, at Montargis, where, ‘tis known to ye all, Madame de Ferrara came also for her safety’s sake. Alas! in her coach, that was escorted by the vile liveries of the Guise, she brought with her that poor young widow, my master’s daughter, Louise de Téligny,* and M. Merlin

* “My father, who was in the chamber of the Admiral, was saved by a special providence of God; and the Friday following, Madame the Duchess of Ferrare, taking us all

also, who did assist at his latest prayer, as I have told ye. And thus joy and grief at once was ours, beholding thus again the unhappy witnesses of that great disaster. What need so many words about the rest! When our first grief was a little abated, Fleurie and I were secretly wed by M. Despina in madame's own chamber; and great honor was it for us low-born folk to have for witness* to our blessed union that good princess, Madame Renée de France, who was also fain to keep us both in the household as long as 'twas al-

into her own coach, brought us with herself in safety to Montargis, where we arrived the last day of August, being under escort of horsemen which the Duc de Guise, grandson of our lady, had furnished to her."—*Merlin's Journal*.

"Louise de Coligny, thus a widow at seventeen, fled into Switzerland, where she rejoined her family. Thirteen years after the Saint-Bartholomew she became the wife of William of Nassau, founder of the Republic of Holland. Her second husband also was, as it were, assassinated in her arms. The Princess of Orange returned to France and died on her estates of Lierville, in Beauce."—*La France Protestante*.

* More than a hundred years later we find this custom still in use: "The wedding was in the antechamber of Madame la Dauphine, in presence of the king."—(*Memoirs of Choisy*). The marriage here spoken of was that of Dangeau and Mme. de Leuwenstein, both servants of his majesty.

lowed her to hold them of the Religion for her servitors. But the Lord had otherwise decreed; and we were constrained to leave that charitable and pious lady, the last hope of the Cause in those evil days, and needs must we part also from M. Despina, who had conceived a friendship for us his companions in affliction, and was to us a guide, a counsellor, and, I do avow, a constant comforter. 'Twas that same autumn that we departed to Geneva, like so many others of the persecuted, to whom God hath given grace to find their refuge here.

"But I were unworthy and of an ingrate heart if I said not, ere ending, that best grace of God to me was in giving me that young and pious maid, always good-tempered, always brave and ready, prudent, laborious, lending good aid to her husband, content to be where he was, and ever desirous to please him. All this Fleurie was; God receive her soul! For thirty years or more we journeyed together, rejoicing in the pleasant flowery places of life's road, and helping one another in the briery tangles. 'Twas a good and Christian maid! She hath gone the first. But, as M. Despina said to Mariotte's sad brother, "They whom we weep have but gone before; we shall go to them and shall rejoice with them."

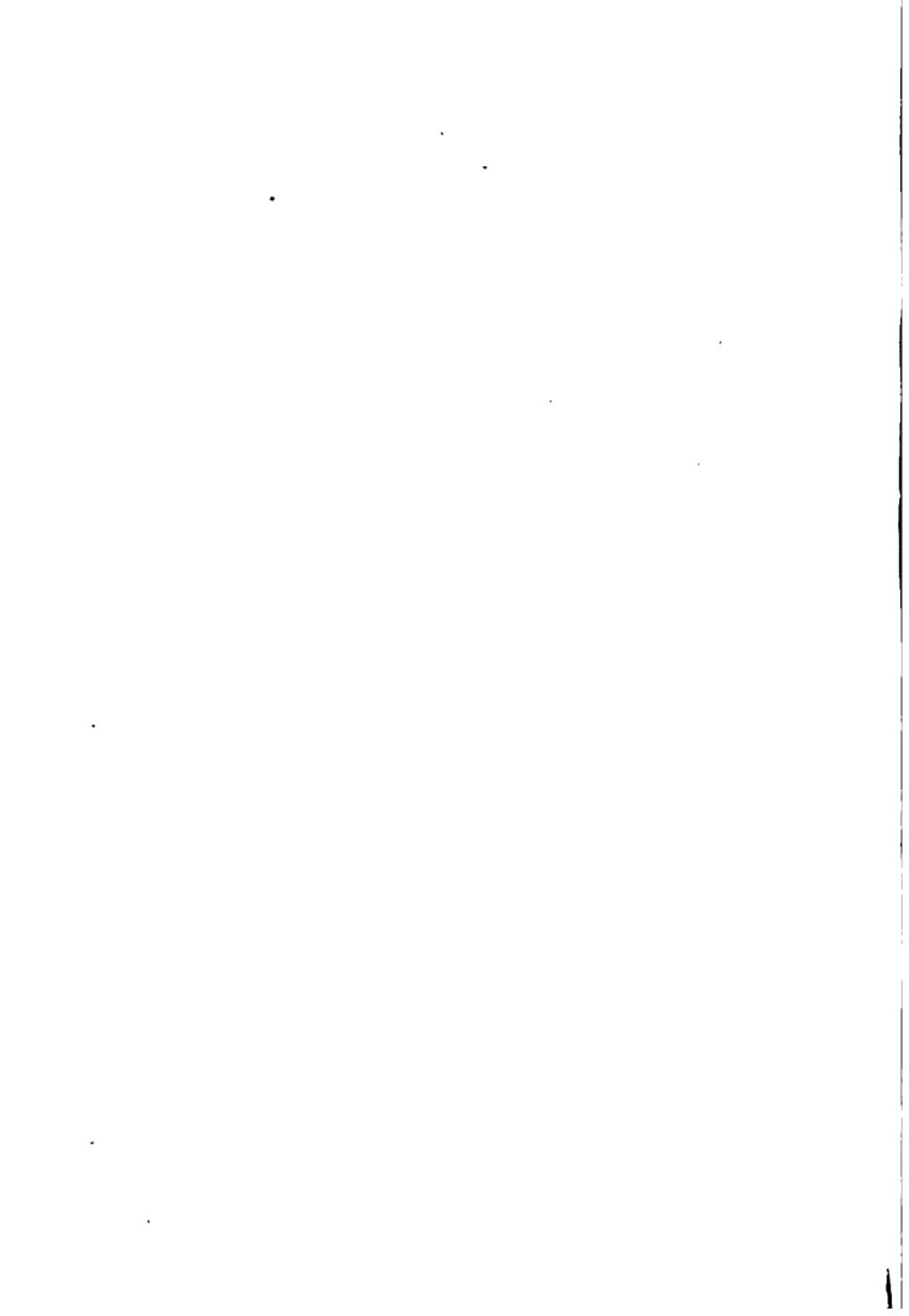
“And Navarre?” did some one make question.

“Navarre was slain upon the bastion l’Evangile on the day of the Three Mines.* Confess ye all, that my companion was a
VALIANT SWISS.”

* May 26, 1573. “The third mine did make an opening of more than an hundred paces, and slew instantly six-and-twenty of the besieged who were hastening to repair the breaches. ‘Twas the hottest work one could deem possible. The besieged made a dense black smoke of seaweed, in shadow of which they fought, and from thence, as from the bosom of a tempest, issued continually a fiery rain of pitch and oil, a hail of shot and stone, perpetual lightnings and horrid thunder of cannon and petronel, which did overthrow, scorch, and slay all in its way, so that more than two hundred of the besiegers lay slain in that one spot.”—MÉZERAY.

After the massacre of Saint-Bartholomew, La Rochelle held out for six months and a half against the Catholic army, which was ultimately obliged to raise the siege after losing more than twenty thousand men. The deliverance of the town, and the Fourth Edict of Pacification (signed by the people of La Rochelle in the name of all the Protestant party), were in great part the result of this heroic combat.

THE END.



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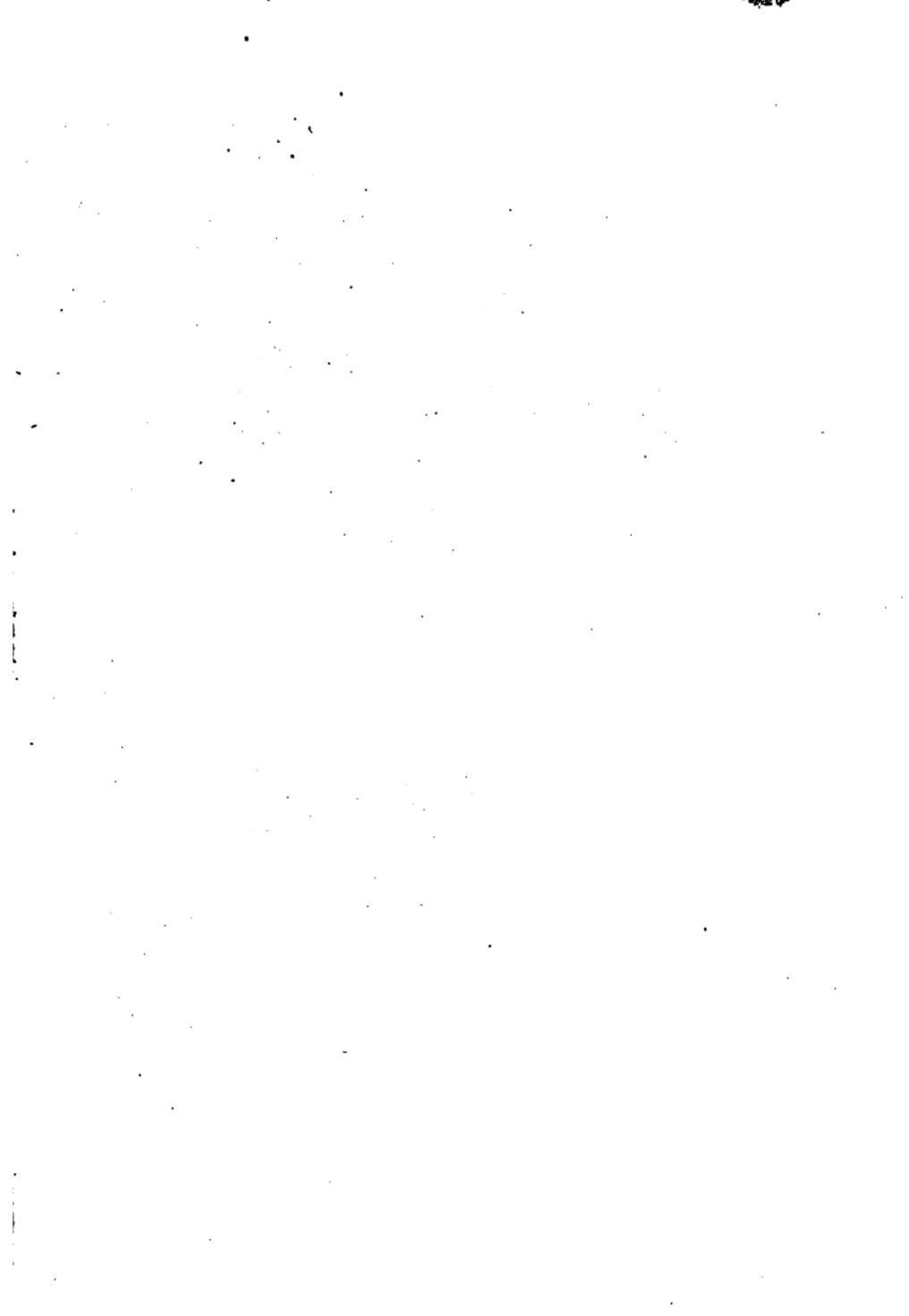
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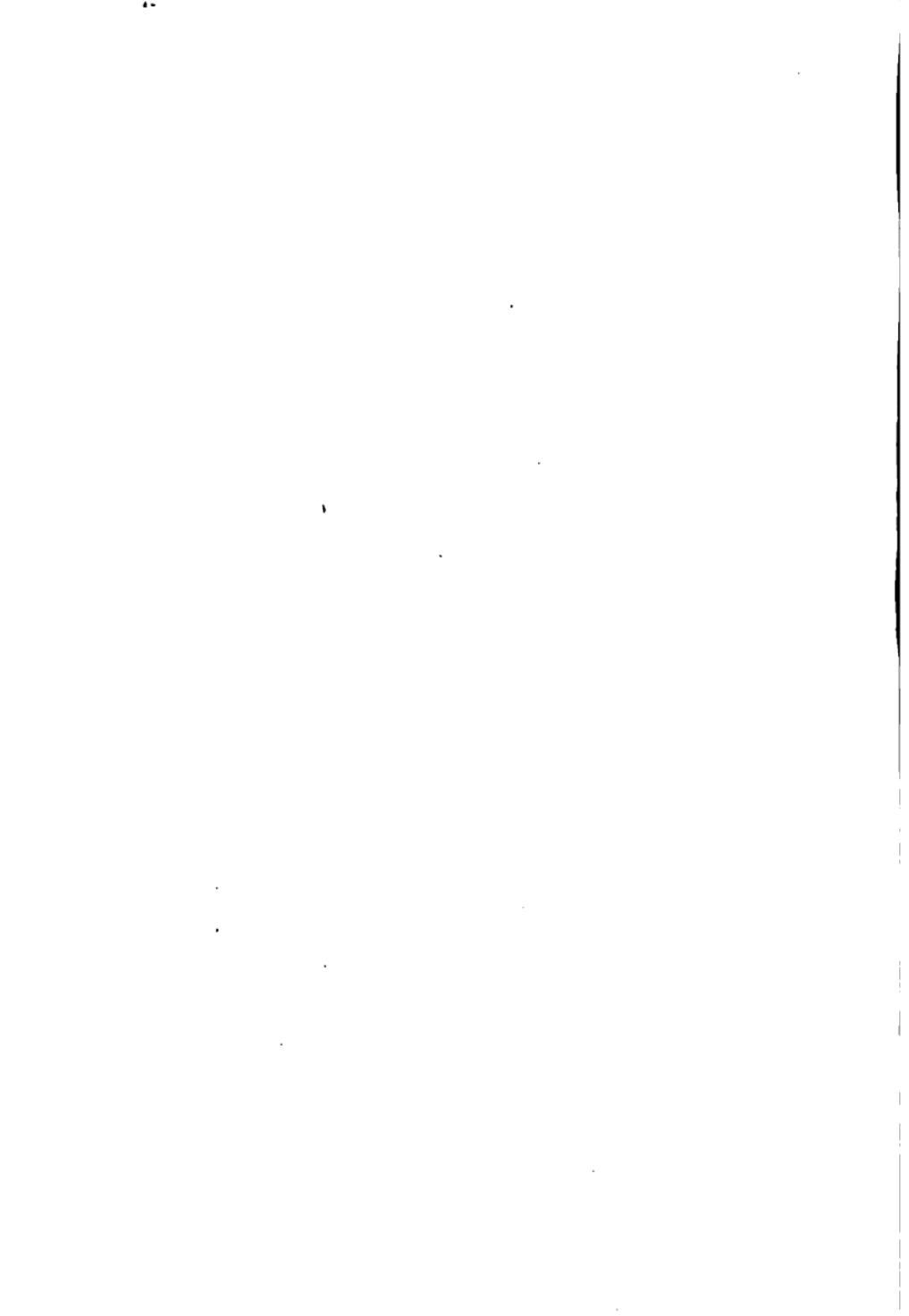
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